

Wit and Mirth
O R,
P I L L S
T O P U R G E

Melancholy :

B E I N G

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper T U N E for either Voice, or Instrument:
Many of the SONGS being new Sett.

The 4th. Edition. Vol. I.

To which is also added, A Collection of
Excellent P O E M S.

He is the best Physician you will find,
That thus to pleasing Mirth can fix your Mind,
That every Temper, every sort can please,
With such variety of Songs as these.

L O N D O N: Printed by William Pearson, and Sold
by John Young, Musical-Instrument Seller at the
Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1714.
Price Bound, 2s. 6d.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

HAVING presented the Publick with my first and second Part of Pills to purge Melancholy, I could not but think my self oblig'd to compleat the Cure of those who are afflicted with the Malady, by communicating a Third. To insist upon the Virtues and efficacy of these my Pills would detain the Patient too long from the use of them, I shall therefore, after having nam'd 'em a Catholicon, or a general Medicine for all Distempers in the Mind, leave you, as the Bill-mongers have it, to Try, Judge, and speak as you find. Are you Costive in your Intellectuals, here are infalible Prescriptions to Relax 'em.

The Preface.

'em in an instant, does the World go amiss with you, two or three of these taken in a Glass of Good Wine will set Matters to rights with you again. If your Liver is not as it should be, this will regulate Passages of the Blood so as to render it less inflam'd. In a Word here is Galen and Hypocrates, Dr. Read, and Dr. Gately, and all the boasted Atchievements of the Never Born Doctor in Moorfields out done to a Miracle, and if you have any Value for your own precious Healths, you are to advise with Dr. Merryman who to distinguish himself from Quacks and false pretenders is to be spoken with from Morning till Night, not at particular Hours to make a shew of more Practice than he already has. As for the Ingredients these his incomparable
Speci-

The Preface.

Specificks are compos'd of, they are the most Salubrious and the greatest Restoratives of decayed Nature, that are to be found: And to instance in some of his Cures, an old Man in St. Giles's who had been afflicted with the Stone for some Years, and had try'd all other means, only by two Dozes forgot his Pain and laugh'd ready to bepiss himself. A young Quaker Woman in Clearkenwel who was troubled with the rising of the Lights and in a desponding Condition for a slippery Spark who had been too free with her, thought no more of him, after this Celebrated Doctor had administered to her. Time would fail to recount all the Wonders he has done, the Town and Country are full of 'em, and those must live in the Land of Forgetfulness, whose memories are
not

The Preface.

not laden with the mighty Performances of this renowned Doctor.

To Conclude: He has had too much Business at home, to travail abroad for the Testimonials of Foreign Emperors, Kings and Princes, but he is Master of those Arcanas as would recommend him to their several Courts, and give them ease under the burthen, which an expensive War makes them Labour under.

But every one speaks well of himself. He therefore leaves it to the World to speak of him, and draw such Conclusions from the Premises, as will equally shew his Knowledge and their judgment and has reason to hope with the Famous Dr. Case, you will not forget your old Friend,

Dr. Merryman.

*He that a perfect State of Health would chuse,
Should have his Mind at Rest and Body loose;
Physick for which no Doctor can prepare,
But such as our self is who makes both his Care.*

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Seller at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Pauls
Church-yard.*

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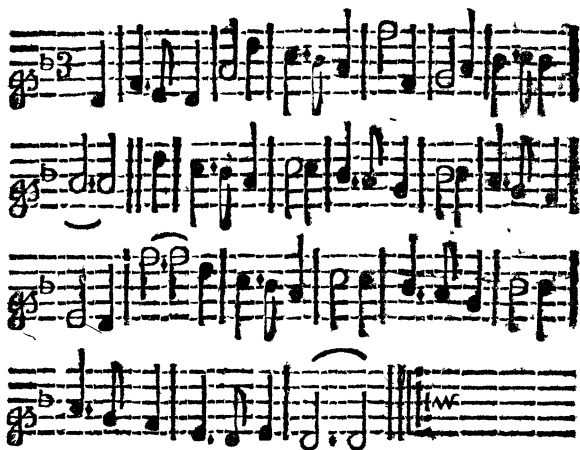
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Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Hills to Purge Melancholy.

A New SONG. The Good Fellow.



ALL Hail to the Days that merit more Praise;
than all the rest of the Year;
And welcome the Nights that bringeth delights
as well to the Poor as the Peer.
Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,
that doth but the best he may;
Forgetting old Wrong with Cup or a Song,
to drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

Let Misery pack with a Whip at his Back,
down to the *Tartarian Flood*;
In *Lethe* profound let Envy be drown'd,
that pines another Man's good:

B

Let

Let Sorrow's expence come a thousand years hence,
 all Payments have great delay,
 And spend the long Nights in honest Delights,
 to drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

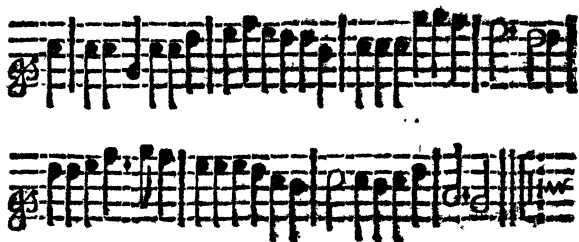
The Court in his State sets open his Gate,
 and gives free welcome to most :
 The City likewise, tho' something Precise,
 yet willingly parts with their Roast :
 But yet by Report from City and Court,
 the Country gets the Day ;
 More Liquor is spent with better content,
 to drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

The Gentry there, for Cost doth not spare,
 the Yeomanry fast not till Lent ;
 The Farmers and such, think nothing too much,
 so they keep but to pay for their Rent :
 The poorest of all demerrily call,
 when at a fit place they stay,
 For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,
 to drive the cold Winter away.
To drive, &c.

'Tis ill for a Mind to Envy inclin'd,
 to think of small Injuries now :
 If Wrath be to seek, do not let her thy Cheek,
 nor yet to inhabit thy Brow :
 Cross out of thy Books all Malecontent Looks,
 let Beauty and Youth decay,
 And wholly consort with Mirth and with Sport,
 to drive the cold Winter away,
To Drive, &c.

A BALLAD

Upon the New Inn, with the famous Sign-
Post, called the White-Hart at Skole in
Norfolk.



D I D not you hear
Of a Wonder last year,
That through all *Norfolk* did ring,
Of an *Inn* and an *Host*,
With a *Sign* and a *Post*,
That might hold (*God bless us*) the King.

The Building is great
And very compleat,
But cannot be compar'd to the *Sign*,
But within doors I think
Scarce a drop of good *Drink*,
For *Bacchus* drinks all the best *Wine*.

But here's the design,
What's amiss in the *Wine*
By *Wench*s shall be supply'd;
There's three on a row
Stands out for a show,
To draw in the Gallants that Ride.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

The first of the Three,
Diana should be,
 But she Cuckolded poor *Actæon*,
 And his Head she adorns
 With such visible Horns,
 That he's fit for his Hounds for to prey on.

'Tis unsafe we do find
 To trust Women kind,
 Since Horning's a part of their Trade:
Diana is patch't
 As a Goddess that's chaste,
 Yet *Actæon* a Monster she made.

The next Wench doth stand
 With the *Scales* in her hand,
 And is ready to come at your beck;
 A new trick they've found,
 To sell Sack by the pound,
 But 'twere better they'd sell't by the Peck.

The last of the three;
 They say Prudence must be,
 With the *Serpent* and Horn of Plenty;
 But *Plenty* and *Wis*
 So seldom doth hit,
 That they fall not to *one* in *Twenty*.

But above these things all
 Stands a Fellow that's small,
 With a *Quadrant* discerning the Wind,
 And says he's a Fool
 That Travels from *Skole*,
 And leaves his good Liquor behind.

Near 'the top of the Sign
 Stands three on a line,
 One is *Temperance* still pouring out;

And

And *Fortitude* will
Drink what *Temperance* fill,
And fears not the Stone or the Gout.

The next to these three,
You'll an *Usurer* see,
With a Prodigal Child in his Mouth;
'Tis *Time* (as some say)
And well so it may,
For they be devourers both.

The last that you stare on,
Is old Father *Caron*,
Who's wafting a Wench o'er the Ferry,
Where *Cerberus* does stand,
To watch where they Land,
And together they go to be merry.

Now to see such a change,
Is a thing that is strange,
That one, who as Stories do tell us;
His Money has lent,
At fifty per Cent,
A College should build for good Fellows.

But under this work,
Does a mystery lurk,
That shews us the Founder's design;
He has chalk'd out the way,
For Gallants to stray,
That their Lands may be his in fine.

That's first an *Ale-bench*,
Next Hounds, then a *Wench*,
With these three to roar and to Revel;
Brings the Prodigal's Lands,
To the *Usurers* Hands,
And his body and Soul to the *Devil*.

Now if you would know
 After all this ado,
 By what name this Sign shou'd be known;
 Some call it this, and some that,
 And some I know not what;
 But 'tis many Signs in one.

'Tis a sign that who built it,
 Had more Mony than Wit,
 And more Wealth than he got or can use;
 'Tis sign that all we
 Have less wit than he,
 That come thither to drink, and may chuse.

A Ballad of the NOSE.



Three

THree merry Lads met at the Rose,
 To speak in the Praises of the Nose :
 The Nose that stands in the middle place,
 Sets out the beauty of the Face :
 The Nose with which we have begun,
 Will serve to make our verses run :
Invention often barren grows,
Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his ends so high a Prize,
 That men dreser't before their Eyes;
 And no man takes him for his Friend,
 That boldly takes his Nose by th' end :
 The Nose that like *Euripus* flows,
 The Sea that did the Wise man pose.
Invention often, &c.

The Nose is of as many kinds,
 As Marriners can reckon Winds;
 The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
 The great Nose which did fright the Maid;
 The Nose through which the Brother-hood,
 Do partly for their Sisters Good.
Invention often, &c.

The flat, the sharp, the *Roman Snout*,
 The Hawk's Nose circled round about;
 The Crooked Nose that stands awry,
 The Ruby Nose of Scarlet dye;
 The *Brazen Nose* without a Face,
 That doth the *Learned College* grace.
Invention often, &c.

The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
 Shew's what's a Clock, if day be clear :
 The broad Nose stands in Buckler's place,
 And takes the blows from all the Face :

The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.
Invention often, &c.

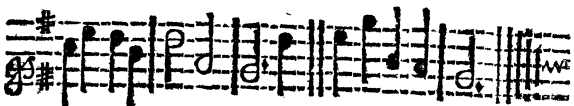
The short Nose in the Lover's Bliss,
Because it hinders not a Kiss:
The toteling Nose, O monstrous thing!
That's he that did the Bott'e bring,
And he that brought the Bottle hither,
Will drink (O monstrous!) out of measure.
Invention often, &c.

The Fiery Nose in Lanthorn stead,
May light his Master home to Bed,
And whosoever this Treasure owes.
Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose:
The Brazen Nose that's o'er the Gate,
Maintains full many a Latin Pate.
Invention often, &c.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
And think it is more than enough,
We answer them, we did not fear,
Nor think such Noses had been here;
But if there be we need not care,
A Nose of Wax our Statutes are.
*Invention now is barren grown,
The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.*

**The FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER: Or a
Horrible Relation of a DOG and an Elder's
M A I D.**

By Sir John Burtonhead.



ALL Christians and *Lay-Elders* too,
for shame amend your Lives,
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
which much concerns your Wives:
An Elder's Maid near *Temple-Bar*
(ah what a *Queen* was she)
Did take an ugly *Mastiff Cur*,
where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peer!
Oh now or never help!
Tb' Assembly hath not sat four Years,
Tet hath brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her self a Bride
to one that had four Legs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
und wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)-
his Dog would ever Marry.
Help House of Commons, &c.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
 and hastily did run
 To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,
 not knowing what was done;
 He took his *Ruling Elders* Cane,
 and cry'd out *help, help here!*
 For *Swash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*,
 are now fight Dog, fight Bear.
Ob House of Commons, &c.

But when he came he was full sorry,
 for he perceiv'd their strife,
 That according to the *Directory*,
 they two were Dog and Wife.
 Ah (then said he) thou cruel Quean,
 why hast thou me beguil'd?
 I wonder *Swash* was grown so lean,
 poor Dog he's almost spoil'd.
Ob House of Commons, &c.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense,
 but what's in our Lasses,
 'And could have quench'd thy cupiscence
 according to the *Classes*,
 But all the Parish see it plain,
 since thou art in this pickle
 Thou art an *Independant* Quean,
 and lov'st a *Conventicle*,
Ob House of Commons, &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
 will all the World perswade,
 That she that's Spouie unto a Dog,
 may be an *Elder's* Maid:
 They'll j-er us if abroad we stir,
 good master *Elder* stay,
 Sir of what *Classis* is your Cur?
 and then what can we say?
Ob House of Commons, &c.

They'll

They'll many graceless Ballads sing
of a *Presbyterian*,
That a *Lay-Elder* is a thing
made up half Dog half Man.
Out, out, (said he, and smote her down)
was Mankind grown so scant?
There's scarce another Dog in Town
had took the *Covenant*.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,
and *Fane* did thus Reply,
Sir, you thought nought, too good for him,
you fed your Dog too high:
'Tis true he took me in the lurch,
and leap'd into my Arms,
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

Then she was brought to *Newgate Goal*,
and there was naked stript,
They whipt her till the Cords did fall,
as Dogs us'd to be whipt.
Poor City Maids shed many a Tear,
when she was lash'd and bang'd,
And had she been a *Cavalier*,
surely she had been Hang'd.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

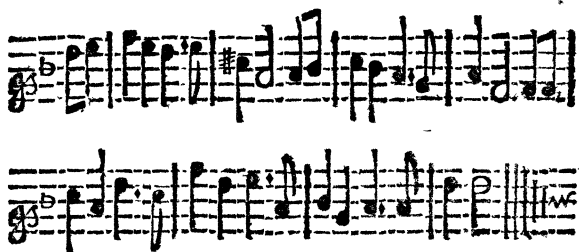
Hers was but *Fornication* found,
for which she felt the lash,
But his was *Buggry* presum'd,
therefore they hanged *Swash*.
What will become of *Bishops* then,
or *Independency*?
For now we find both Dogs and Men,
stand up for *Presbytry*,
Oh House of Commons, &c.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
 with *Synod-men* good store,
 But she would have a *Lay-Elder*
 with two *Legs* and two more.
 Go tell th' *Assembly* of *Divines*,
 tell *Adoniram Blew*,
 Tell *Burgefs, Marshall, Case* and *Vines*,
 tell *Now-and-Anon* too.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

Some said she was a *Scotish Girl*,
 or else (at least) a *Witch*;
 But she was born in *Colchester*,
 was ever such a *Bitch*!
 Take heed all *Christian Virgins* now,
 the *Dog-star* now prevails;
 Ladies beware your *Monkeys* too,
 For *Monkeys* have long *Tails*.
Oh House of Commons, &c.

Bless *King* and *Queen*, and send us *Peace*,
 as we had seven years since,
 For we remember no *Dog-days*,
 while we enjoy'd our *Prince*:
 Bless sweet *Prince Charles*, 2 *Dukes*, three *Girls*,
 Lord save his *Majesty*,
 Grant that his *Commons, Lords, and Earls*,
 May lead such *Lives* as *He*.
Oh House of Commons, House of Peers!
Oh now or never help!
Tb' Assembly hath not Sat four Years,
Yes hath brought forth a Whelp.

On Doctor G. formerly Master of St. Paul's School.



IN Paul's Church-yard in London,

there dwells a noble Firker,

Take heed you that pass,

Left you taste of his Lash,

For I have found him a Jirker:

Sill doth he cry, take him up, take him up, Sir,

Untrufs with Expedition,

O the Birchin Tool

Which he winds i'th' School

Frights worse than an *Inquisition*.

If that you chance to pass there,

As doth the Man of *Blacking*,

He insults like Puttock,

O'er the Prey of the Buttock,

With a whipt Arse sends him packing.

Still doth, &c.

For when this well-trufs'd Trouncer,

Into the School doth enter,

With his Napkin at his Nose,

And his Orange stuf't with Cloves,

On any Arse he'll venter.

Still doth, &c.

A French-

A Frenchman void of *English*,
 Enquiring for *Paul's Steeple*,
 His *Pardon amoy*
 He counted a *Toy*,
 For he whipt him before all *People*.
Still doth, &c.

A Welchman once was whipt there,
 Until he did Beshit him,
 His Cuds-plutera-nail,
 Could not prevail,
 For he whipt the *Cambro-Britain*.
Still doth, &c.

A Captain of the Train'd Band,
 Sirnamed *Cornelius Wallis*:
 He whipt him so sore
 Both behind and before,
 He notcht his Arse with *Tallies*.
Still doth, &c.

For a piece of Beef and Turnip,
 Neglected with a Cabbage,
 He took up the Main Pillion
 Of his bouncing Maid *Gillian*,
 And sows'd her like a *Baggage*.
Still doth, &c.

A Porter came in rudely,
 And disturb'd the humming Concord,
 He took up his Frock
 And paid his Nock,
 And sows'd him with his own Cord,
Still doth he cry, &c.

An Axcellent B A L L A D, Intituled,
The Wandering Prince of Troy.



Vhen *Troy* Town for Ten Years Wars,
 withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise,
 Then did their Foes increase so fast,
 that to resist none could suffice:
 Waste lies those Walls that were so good,
 and Corn now grows where *Troy* Town stood,

Aeneas wandring Prince of *Troy*,
 when he for Land long time had sought,
 At length arrived with great Joy,
 to mighty *Carthage* Walls was brought,
 Where *Dido* Queen with sumptuous Feast,
 did entertain this wandring Guest.

And as in Hall at Meat they sat,
 the Queen desirous News to hear
 Of thy unhappy Ten Years Wars
 declare to me, thou *Trojan* dear,
 Thy heavy hap and chance so bad,
 That thou poor wandring Prince hast had?

And

And then anon this worthy Knight,
 with words demure as he could well,
 Of his unhappy Ten years Wars
 so true a Tale began to tell?
 With words so sweet and sighs so deep
 That oft he made them all to Weep.

And then a thousand Sighs he fetch'd,
 and every Sigh brought Tears amain,
 That were he sat the Place was wet,
 as if he had seen those Wars again :
 So that the Queen with truth therefore,
 Said worthy Prince enough, no more.

The darksome night apace drew on,
 and twinkling Stars i'th' Sky were spread,
 And he his doleful Tale had told,
 as every one lay in his Bed;
 Where they full sweetly took their rest,
 Save only *Dido's* boiling Breast.

This silly Woman never slept,
 but in her Chamber all alone,
 As one unhappy always kept,
 unto the Wall she made her Moan,
 That she should sti l desire in vain,
 The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in Grief she spent the Night,
 till twinkling Stars from Skies were fled,
 And *Phæbus* with his glimmering Beams
 though misty Clouds appeared red :
 Then tydings came to her anon,
 That all the *Trojan* Ships were gone.

And then the Queen with Bloody Knife
 did arm her Heart as hard as Stone,
 Yet somewhat loath to lose her Life,
 in woful case she made her moan ;

And

And roll'ng on her careful Bed,
With Sighs and Sobs these words she said :

O wretched *Dido* Queen! quoth she,
I see thy End approacheth near,
For he is gone away from thee,
whom thou didst love and hold so dear :
Is he then gone and pass'd by ?
O Heart prepare thy self to die.

Tho' Reason would thou should'st forbear
to stop thy hand from bloody stroak,
Yet fancy said thou should'st not fear,
who fetter'd thee in *Cupid's* Yoak.
Come Death quoth she, and end the smart,
And with these words she pierc'd her Heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender Heart,
of *Dido Carthaginian* Queen,
And bloody Knife did end the smart,
which she sustain'd in woful teen :
Aeneas being Ship'd and gone,
Whose Flatt'ry caus'd all her Moan.

Her Funeral most costly made,
and all things finish'd mournfully,
Her Body fine in Mold was laid,
where it consumed speedily :
Her Sisters Tears her Tomb bestrew'd.
Her Subjects Grief their Kindness shew'd.

Then was *Aeneas* in an Isle
in *Grecia*, where he liv'd long space ;
Whereas her Sister in short time,
writ to him to his foul Disgrace :
In phrase of Letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.

False-hearted Wretch (quoth she) thou art,
 and treacherously thou hast betray'd,
 Unto thy Lure a gentle Heart,
 which unto thee such welcome made:
 My Sister dear, and *Carthage* Joy,
 Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet on her Death-bed when she lay,
 she pray'd for thy Prosperity,
 Beseeching God that every day
 might breed thee great Felicity:
 Thus by thy means I lost a Friend,
 Heav'n's send thee an untimely End.

When he these Lines, full fraught with Gall,
 perused had, and weigh'd them right,
 His lofty Courage then did fall,
 and straight appeared in his sight?
 Queen *Dido's* Ghost, both Grim and Pale,
 Which made this Vallant Soldier Quail.

Aneas, quoth this grisly Ghost,
 my whole delight while I did live;
 Thee of all Men I loved most,
 my Fancy and my Will did give;
 For Entertainment I thee gave,
 Unthankfully thou dig'st my Grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting Soul,
 to wander with me in the Air,
 Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
 because of me thou took'st no care:
 Delay no time, thy Glass is run,
 Thy Day is past, thy Death come.

O stay

O stay a while, thou lovely Spright,
be not so ready to convey;
My Soul into eternal Night,
were it shall ne'er behold bright Day
O do not frown; thy angry look,
Hath made my Breath my Life forsook.

But wo is me, it is in vain,
and bootless is my dismal cry,
Time will not be recall'd again,
nor you surcease before I die:
O let me live to make amends,
Unto some of thy dearest Friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
and will no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
and left unpaid what I did owe;
I must content my self to take,
What Lot thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a Trance,
a multitude of ugly Fiends;
About this woful Prince did dance,
no help he had of any Friends:
His Body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying day.

A New

A New BALLAD of King Edward' and
Jane Shore.



WHY should we boast of *Lais* and his Knights,
Knowing such Champions intrapt with Who-
(rish Lights:

Or why should we speak of *Thais* Curled Locks,
Or *Rhodope* that gave so many Men the Pox,
Read old Stories, and there you shall find,
How *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she pleas'd K. *Edwaard's* mind.
Jane Shore she was for *England*, Queen *Fredrick* was for
France.

Honi soit qui maly pence.

To

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell,
 And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did excel;
 Those with *Scythian* Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
 And in the brave *Venetian* Wars, did foil advent'rous
 (Knights
Messaline and *Julia* were Vessels wond'rous brittle,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* took down K. *Edward's* Mettle.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Thalestis of *Thormydon*, she was a doughty Wight;
 She Conquered *Pallas* King in the Exercise of Night,
Hercules slew the Dragon whose Teeth were all of Brass,
 Yet he himself became a Slave unto the *Lydian* Lass.
 The *Theban* *Semel* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his
 (Thunder,
 But *Jane Shore* overcame King *Edward*, altho' he had her
 (under.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Hellen of *Greece* she came of *Spartan* Blood,
Agricola and *Cressida* they were brave Whores and good;
 Queen *Clytemnestra* bold slew old *Arthur's* mighty Son,
 And Fair *Har-yon* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon*,
 Those were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Sack,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she spoil'd K. *Edward's* Back.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

For this the Ancient Fathers did great *Venus* defy,
 Because with her own Father *Jove* she feared not to lie,
 Hence *Cupid* came who afterward reveng'd his loving
 (Mother,
 And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Cornus* her own
 (Brother;
 And afterwards the Goddess kept *Adonis* for Reserve,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* she stretch K. *Edward's* Nerve.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

The Colchin Dame Made her Father did betray,
 And taught her Lover Jason how the Vigilant Bull to
 (slay;
 And after, thence convey'd her Father's golden Fleece;
 She with her Lover sail'd away in Argus Ship to Greece;
 But finding Jason false, she burnt his Wife and Court,
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she shew'd King Edward sport,
 Jane Shore she was, &c.

Romix of Saxony the Welsh State overthrew;
 Igrayn of Cornwal, Pendragon did subdue;
 Queen Quimiver with Arthur fought singly hand to hand,
 In Bed, tho' afterward she made horns on his head to
 (stand;
 And to Sir Mordred Pittish Prince a Paramore became,
 But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she made King Edward tame.
 Jane Shore she was, &c.

Mariska of Italy see how she stoutly copes,
 With Jesuits, Priests and Cardinals, and tripple Crowned
 (Popes;
 And with King Henry, Rosamond spent many a dallying
 (Hour,
 Till lastly she was Poisoned in Woodstock fatal Bower;
 And Joan of Ark play'd in the Dark with the Knights of
 (Languedock,
 But Jane Shore, met King Edward, and gave him Knock
 (for Knock.
 Jane Shore she was, &c.

Pasiphae we know play'd feats with the Cretan Bull,
 And Proserpine tho' so Divine, became black Pluto's Trull;
 The Spanish Baud her strumpets taught to lay their Legs
 (astride,
 But these and all the Curtezans Jane Shore did them de-
 ride,

Pope

Pope Joan was right, altho' she did the Papal Scepter
 (Weild,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward* yield,
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Agathoclea and *Enathe* did govern *Egypt's* King;
 The witty Wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty thing;
 She freely took her Lady's Place, and with great *Edgar*
 (Daffy'd,
 And with main force she foil'd him quite, although he of-
 (ten rally'd;
 For which brave Act, he that her rack'd, gave her his
 (Lady's Land,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* King *Edward* did command.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Of *Phryne* and of *Larva* Historians have related,
 How their Illustrious Beauties, two Generals Captivated;
 And they that in the days of yore kill'd Men and Sack'd
 (their Cities,
 In Honour of their Mistresses composed Amorous Ditties,
 Let *Flore* gay with *Romans* play, and be a Goddess call'd,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthrall'd.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

The Jolly Tanner's Daughter, Harlot of *Normandy*,
 She only had the happiness to please Duke *Robert's* Eye;
 And *Rozelana* tho' a slave, and born a *Grecian*,
 Could with a Nod, command and rule Grand Seignior,
 (Solyman;
 And *Naples* Joan would make them Groan that ardently
 (did love her,
 But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* he did Shove
 (her.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Aspatia doth of the *Persian* Brothers boast,
Though *Cynthia* joy in the *Lampasbean* Boy, *Jane Shore*
(shall rule the Roast.

Cleopatra lov'd Mark *Anthony*, and *Brownal* she did feast,
But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but meerly cheats,
Brave Carpet Knights in *Cupid's* Fights, their milk-white
(Rapier drew,

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore* King *Edward* did subdue,
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Hamlet's incestuous Mother, was *Gertrude Denmark's*
(Queen,
And *Circe* that enchanting Witch, the like was scarcely
(seen:

Warlike *Penthesile* was an *Amazonian* Whore,
To *Hector* and young *Iroylus*, both which did her adore,
But Brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd Nine
(Victories,
Was like a Bond-slave, fetter'd with *Jane Shore's* all con-
(qu'ring Thighs.

Jane Shore she was for *England*, Queen *Fredrick* was
(for *France*

Honi soit qui maly pence.

The

The Four following New SONGS,
by Mr. T. D'Urfey.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.



THe Clock had struck faith I can't tell what,
But Morning was come as grey as a Cat;
Cocks and Hens from their Roofs did fly,
Grunting Hogs too, had left their Sty;
When in a Vale,
Carrying a Pail,
sistly her new Lover met, *Dapper Harry*;
First they kiss'd,
Then shook fist,
Then talk'd, as fools do, that just were to Marry.

C

Zoo's

Zooks cry'd *Hall* I can't but think,
 Now we are come to Wedlock brink,
 How pure a flock 'twill be, how fine,
 when you put your good mark to mine:

Sifs at that,

glowing hot,

Bust'd him as if she'd have burnt him to tinder:

Thus they woo,

But see how

Damn'd Fate contriv'd now the bargain to hinder;

Sisly had got a Cold I suppose,

And 'twixt her fingers was blowing her Nose,

Harry, that Linen too wanted I doubt,

Lent her his Glove, to serve for a Clout,

Scraping low,

Manners to show,

And tell her how much he was her adorer:

Pray mark the Joke,

Leather thong broke,

And Breeches fell down to her Ancles before her.

Sisly who saw him thus distressed,

Pulls of her garter of woolen List,

And with a sly and leering look,

Gave it to mend up what was broke:

Fumbling he,

Could not see,

What he discover'd tho' e'er he had ty'd all:

For just before,

Shirt was tore,

And as the Devil would have't she had spy'd all,

She gave him then so cold a Look,

Discontent it plainly spoke,

And running from him near a Mile;

He overtook her at a stile;

Too much hast,

Milk down cast,

And

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

25

And topsy turvy she fell on her pole with't
He seing that,
Runs with's Hat,
But could not cover her C—— for his soul with't.

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
The Sun his glorious face display;
So *sissy* shone with Beauty's Rays,
Reflecting from her Postern grace:

Till at last,
Strugling past,
Wide spawling Legs were again set in order;
But poor *Hall*,
Since her fall,
Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder!

The God of Love or else old Nick,
sure had design'd this Devillish Trick,
To make the Bridegroom and the Bride,
with themselves dissatisfi'd;
She grown coy,
Call'd him Boy,
He getting from her cry'd Zounds you'r a rouser?
Foh, she cry'd,
By things spy'd,
She had as lieve a meer Baby should sponse her.

The Game at Pickquet.



Within an Arbor of delight,
 As sweet as Bowers Elezian ;
 Where famous *Sidney* us'd to write,
 I lately had a Vision :
 Methout beneath a Golden State,
 The twins of chance obeying ;
 Six of the World's most noted great,
 At *Picquet* were a playing.

The first two were the brave *Eugene*,
 With *Vill'roy* Battle waging ;
 The next a Nymph that to be Queen,
 Her Montieur was engaging ;
 The *Fleur de Lis* bright *Matignon*,
 With sanctified *Carero* ;
 And next above the scarlet *Don*,
Nassau with *Gallie Nero*,

The

The Game between the Martials Brave,
Was held in diff'rent Cases;
The French-man got Quatorze of Knaves,
But Prince *Eugene* four Aces:
The t'other, tho' his eldest Hand,
Gave hopes to make a jest on't,
Yet now the Point who soonest gain'd
Could only get the best on't.

From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see,
The Church Man and the Lady;
And found her pleas'd to high degree,
her Fortune had been steady:
The Saints that cram'd the Spanish Purse,
she hop'd would all oblige her,
For he had but a little Terse,
Whil'st she produc'd Quint-Major.

But now between the other two,
An Empire was depending;
Who call'd in all the rest to view,
The Art of their Contending:
The Monsieur had three Kings to win't,
And was o'er Europe roaming:
But *Nassau's Point*, *Quatorze* and *Quins*
Won all and left him foaming.

In praise of the Country, or a Farewel to Old Sodom, Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth.



VV Ho in old Sodom would live a day,
 Grow deaf with ratling of Coaches,
 Where folly and noise is call'd brisk and gay
 And wit lies in studying debauches,

With stinks, which smoak and rank fogs display
 Who'd be perfuming their Noses,
 That in the fresh Air of the Country may,
 it Cool under bushes of Roses.

The

The flatter'd Bully there every day,
At Cards and Dice cheats his Brother;
And the Ladies come each night to the Play
to Laugh and rail at each other.

The King his pleasure in *Belgica* takes,
Dutch Boors get many a Guinny,
And the courtly brood of powder'd young Rakes
Each Night are burl'd by Squinney.

Whilst we that breathing the Country Air,
Hear no street Noise nor such howling,
Our innocent pleasures do daily prepare
With fishing, and shooting and Bowling:

Some mornings early we hunt the Hare,
Who life to pleasure us loses
Or else if the Weather appears not fair
At home we regale on the Muses.

The charming pleasures of Beauty and Love;
Sweet *Chloris* freely affords too;
When we meet each Evening in a lone Grove
And sing and bill as the Birds do.

She feeds on Jassimine and Nectar drinks
Whilst she we call a Town Madam
Is infected still with foul suburb stinks
and Damns herself in old *Sodom*.

*The Cambrian Glory, an ODE: Or, Memoirs of the
Lives and Valiant Actions, of the Ancient Britains;
to be Sung every St. David's day.*



B *Rute* (a) who descended from *Trojan* stem,
first Ancient *Albion* alarm'd with his Forces :
From whom their Ancestors raise their Name,
of whose brave Deeds are so many discourses :
And when *Rome's* Eagles aloft did fore,
valiant (b) *Caradacus* with Conduct Glorious ;
Fought 'em till Fate envying *Britain* power,
gave up her Hero a prize to (c) *Ostorius*.

(a) *Brute* Invaded Britain Anno Mun. 2855. (b) King of Britain
(c) Lieutenant in Britain for *Claudius Imp.*

C H O.

C H O R U S .

*England take caution,
by this fam'd Nation ;
'All agree, whilst you are free,
And rich and able :
Friendly treat, you'll be great,
Quarrel on, you're undone,
Think on the bundle of Rods in the Fable.*

*Fatal division first chang'd their Case,
Jealousie needless, and Fears beyond measure ;
Had they combin'd, Rome had Conquer'd less,
nor had (d) *Casibela* sold them to *Cæsar* :
But since that Change they can ne'er retrieve,
leave we it here for Example in Story ;
'And now to honour those since did live,
Charm the sweet Lyre with the *Cambrian* Glory.*

(d) *Sir Wm. Temples Introdct. to Hist. of England.*

Cho- England take caution, &c.

*Of Wales and her noble Sons I Sing,
to whom my Muse has his Trophy erected,
Who, when the first mighty (e) Conquering King,
All others quell'd yet remain'd unsubjected :
Freedom and right they all held so dear,
rather than yield up the glory of either ;
Handfuls of Men against crowds appear,
floutly resolving to dye altogether.*

(e) *vid. Stow's Annals Wm. the Conqueror. Anno 1074.*

Cho. England take caution, &c.

*Rufus the next o'ch' conquering Line,
spoyl'd a great Monach by being a Miser ;
He heavy Taxes* the *Welch* assign'd,
which, than to pay him, 'tis known they were wiser*

(*) *vid. Stow 7 year of K. Wm. Rufus, Anno 1094.*

Bravely

Merlin (s) the fam'd who her Native was
 prophecy'd still the true worth of this Nation;
 Equal to all if they not surpass,
 for Honour, Courage, and Arts in each station:
 Had their cross Stars made 'em e'er unite,
 and against foes jointly done their endeavours:
 Englands proud Name had ne'er seen the Light,
 But Britain held up her Title for ever.

(s) Merlin the Miracle of his Time born in Britain.

C H O R U S.

Therefore take caution,
 By this brave Nation,
 All agree, whilst you are free,
 and Rich and able;
 Friendly treat; you'll be great.
 Quarrel on, you're undone,
 Think on the bundle of Rods in the Fable.

An

An Irish Wooing.



Dermot lov'd *Sheela* well and strove her heart to gain,
no mortal Tongue can tell *Dermot's* great Pain;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
still he cry'd *Sheela* joy wilt thou be mine.

I have Six Sheep my Joy, Ten Goats and Twenty Swine,
All dees I'd give to dee if don't be mine;
And still he cry'd *Sheela* gra, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Still he cry'd *Sheela* joy wilt thou be mine.

I have Puttatoes, and good bonny Clabber too,
Ruscan and Cream joy, wherewith you may slabber you,
Arra take me den, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Take me then, *Sheela* joy, and make me thine.

Arra speak to me, *Sheela* joy, what makes thy Mout so
If you will be wid me, squeeze my great Thumb; dumb;
Arra squeeze it dear, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy, *Sheela* joy,
Squeeze it hard *Sheela* gra, till the Blood come.

A Warning to all Custard Eaters,

LET Totnam Court and Islington,
and Paddington also;
Attend with Lamentation,
unto a Tale of woe.

'Altho' 'tis strange 'tis true no doubt,
of it you may be sure;
It is into the News-books put,
there's nothing can be truer.

Of many several sorts of Death,
I oft have heard I wis;
But ne'er knew any lose his life,
by such a cause as this.

At Newbury that fatal place,
where many a Man was muster'd;
And lost his life, oh there it was,
a youth was slain with Custard.

In that same myrish bloody Fenn,
as once it did appear;
Ox Essex and his Custard men,
did choak the Cavalier,

There

There liv'd this pretty dapper youth,
who was of little stature;
Shuff was his name in very truth,
and tender was his nature.

He with a boy a wager laid,
a *Custard* he would eat;
Before the boy should run so far,
and back again retreat.

The people all assembled were,
to see this peice of wit;
They were agreed and started fair,
this ran the other bit.

The nimble lad did run and laugh
so through the way he scow'd;
That he was coming back, e'er half,
the *Custard* was devoured.

The eating Champion seeing that,
much like Jack-puddings bastard;
Clapt to'ther half into his Throat,
and choak't, himself with *Custard*.

This suffocating *Custard* wrought,
within his gullet so;
That the ground he rumpled down,
Ah woful overthrow.

Two-pence in *Custard* did him choak,
and brought his Courage down;
When Death struck him, 'twas thought he took,
the cream of all the Town.

One spark of fire consumes a House,
 Small Prison makes one pant;
 The Sword-fish mortifies the Whale,
 The Mouse the Elephant.

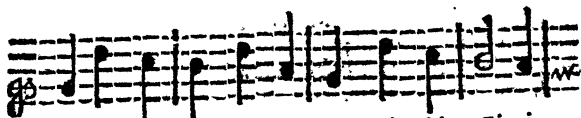
But never did I see that Throat
 under my Lord-Mayor's roof;
 Unless they brought it scalding hot,
 that was not Custard proof.

Let this a warning be to those,
 that go to *Islington*;
Custard will kill experience shows,
 as soon as any Gun.

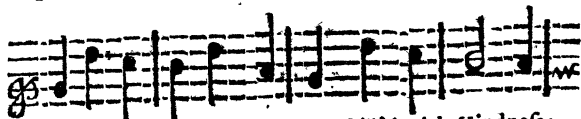
Beware how you on Holidays,
 abroad do feast your Wives;
 For they that feed on *Custard* go,
 in danger of their Lives.

The EPITAPH.

To the Tune of Turn again Whittington, &c.

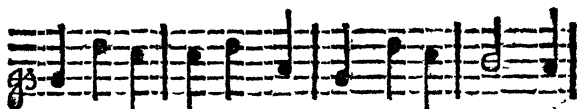


UNDER this stone lies one, who writ his *Fi-nis*

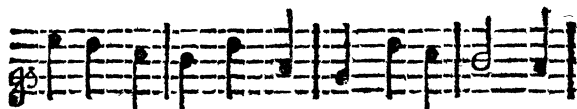


And with a Trick of's own, was kil'd with Kindness;

He



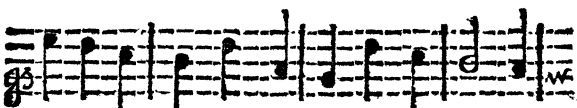
He dy'd in such a trim, no Death can match it,



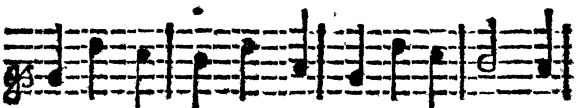
A Custard was to him, Pap with a Hatchet;



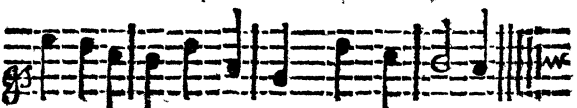
He might as well have been brain'd with a Silk Fan,



As to loose his life in a lit-tle Milk-pan,



Tho' the great Guns and pike have loudly bluster'd,



There is no Weapon like long Spoon and Custard.

Woe-

Woobourn Fair. A Dialogue between Dick and Doll.

Note the tenth Line of each Verse, is to be left out at the second time of Singing over.





He.

Dolly come be brisk and jolly,
 Since Harveſt's home,
 And *Ralph* and *Molly*,
 With *Piper* and *Drum*;

Are frisking now at the Fair;
 Nimble *Katy*, whole foot's ſo pretty,
 No nor *Suſan*, with new ruſſet Shoos on,
 No nor *Ellen*, with great belly ſwelling,
 Can for Dancing with *Dolly* compare.

Zooks then prithee my ſweeteſt Dear,
She.

Eye *Dick*: you make me ſo proud when you tell me,
 That none of our Laſſes excel me;
 Nay faith I can gueſs your deſign too,
 With the Loſs of your own you'd have mine too,
 But I hope I ſhall mend the caſe:

For toying and coying,
 Come ſhort of enjoying
 And tho' I let Loobies,
 O't finger my Bubbies:
 Who think when they kiſs me,
 That they ſhall poſſeſs me,
 With ſlight Invitation,
 Fall to my Collation.

Not a bit till the *Prieſt* has ſaid grace.

He

He.

Could you guess when first I woo'd you,
I thought of less,
I close persu'd you;
Abandon'd *Bess*;

To gain dear *Dolly's* good-will,
My endeavours to please you ever,
And to marry sweet *Doll* of the Dairy,
So by kissing first nought will be missing,
Grant a Taste till my Belly I fill,
That, Ods Bud wou'd do rarely well.

She.

No, no, your cunning shall never deceive me,
Shou'd I let you, you'd presently leave me;
Tho' something you now may be wanting,
The Appetite cloyes with consenting:
And the Passion does soon decay:

Tho' our ears you wou'd tickle,
We're false as you're fickle,
And mind not your swearing
False Oaths, and declaring;
Your amorous Nonsense,
Nor Love dated long since;
For by late Forbearance,
I know by Experience,
There's few till their bound will obey,

The

The Sea Fight, in 92. Set by Mr. Ackeroyde.



Thurſday in the Morn the Ides of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous Ninety Two ;
 Brave *Ruffel* did diſcern by dawn of day,
 The loſty Sails of *France* advancing now
 All Hands aloft, aloft, let *Engliſh* valour ſhine,
 Let fly a Culverin, the ſignal for the line ;
 Let every Hand ſupply his Gun,
 Follow me and you'll ſee,
 That the Battle will be ſoon begun.

Tonrville on the Main triumphant rowl'd
 To meet the gallant *Russel* in combat on the deep;
 He led the noble traia of Heroes bold,
 To sink the *Engl'sh* Admiral at his Feet:
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
 The bloody fight's begun the Sea it self on Fire;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a Flood all of blood,
 Fill'd the Port-holes of the Royal *Sun*,

Sulphur Smoak and Fire disturb'd the Air,
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallies shoar;
 There regulated bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty streamers now no more;
 At six a clock the Red, the smiling Victors led,
 To give a second blow the fatal overthrow;
 Now death and horror equal reign.
 Now they cry run or dye,
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd through Rocks and Sands,
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
 The Nymphs and Sea-Gods mourn their lost estate;
 For evermore adieu thou Royal dazzling *Sun*,
 From thy untimely end thy Masters fate begun;
 Enough thou mighty God of War,
 Now we sing blest the King,
 Let us drink to every *Engl'sh* Tarr.

The Honest Man's Fortune; Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth.



THe mighty state of Cuckoldom, by Matrimony thrives,
 It is a never-failing portion, paid us by our Wives;
 It was of old,
 As we are told,

The

The charter of each Nation,
 In *Palestine* it did subdue,
 The circumcis'd hard hearted Jew,
 And 'tis a Christian dispensation.

(grees,
 Each jarring Kingdom of the World, in this one point a-
 Thus Cuckoldom, may well be call'd th' united Provinces;
 It does invest,
 With ample crest,
Min-beer-van-plucken-Hans;
 Cuckolds are made Grandees of *Spain*,
 And ev'n in *Italy* they reign
 And they are Alamode of *France*.

The *Persian*, Jew, *Mahometan*, the *Protestant* and *Roman*,
 Owe what they are to the intrigues and kindness of a
 (Woman;

What she's bestow'd,
 They count no load,
 Nor think their Horns oppression
 For sure no Sot can be so blind
 As to esteem a Wife unkind,
 That largely adds to his Possession.

(in three classes,
 Yet some will call poor Cuckolds beasts, and range them
 The Goat Cuckolds, the Ram-Cuckolds and we all know
 The Goats ne'er mind, (they're Asses.
 Their horns behind;
 Large crest the Ram adorns,
 Which on his Brow in terror lies,
 Hanging in judgment o'er his Eyes
 And Asses take their Ears for Horns,

The Pilgrim. Tune by Mr. John Barrett.



O H! happy, happy Groves, Witnesses of our tender (loves;
 Oh! happy, happy shade, where first our vows
 (were made :

Blushing, Sighing, Melting, Dying, Looks would charm

(a Jove;
 A Thousand pretty things she said and all was Love;
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves, and forsakes the shady
 (Groves ;

When I speak of mutual joys she knows not what I mean
 Wanton glances fond caresses now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding Fair left the flowry Green.

(*phon* was betray'd
 Moura ye Nymphs that sporting play'd, where poor *Strea*-
 There the secret wound she gave, when I was made
 (her-slave.

Pillycock. Set by Mr. Thomas Wroth.



Pillycock came to my Lady's Toe,
 And there the whoreson began to go:
 Had he Feet,
 I marry had he?
 And did he go,
 I marry did he?
*So bolt upright and ready to fight;
 And Pillycock he lay there all Night.*

Pillycock came to my Lady's Heel,
 And there the Whoreson began to feel,
 Had he Hands,
 I marry had he?
 And did he feel,
 I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pills to Purge Melancholy:

Pillycock came to my Lady's Shin,
And there the Whoreson began to grin;
Had he Teeth,
I marry had he?
And did he grin,
I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Knee,
And there the Whoreson began to see,
Had he Eyes,
I marry had he?
And did he see,
I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Thigh,
And there the Whoreson began to fly;
Had he Wings,
I marry had he?
And did he fly,
I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's —
And there the Whoreson began to hunt;
Had he Hounds,
I marry had he?
And did he Hunt,
I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

Pillycock came to my Lady's Quilt,
And there the Whoreson began to tilt,
Had he a Lance,
I marry had he?
And did he tilt,
I marry did he?
So bolt upright, &c.

'A Cure for the Green-Sickness Maid.

A S fair *Olinda* sitting was,
 Beneath a shady Tree;
 Much Love I did profess to her,
 And she the like to me :
 But when I kiss'd her lovely lips,
 And prest her to be kind;
 She Cry'd Oh no, but I remember.
 Womens words are wind.

I hugg'd her till her breath grew short,
 Then farther did intrude;
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly,
 and told me I was rude:
 I begg'd her pardon Twenty times,
 And some concern did feign;
 But like a bold presumptuous sinner,
 Did the like again.

At last I did by dalliance raise,
 The pretty Nymph's desire;
 Our inclinations equal were,
 And mutual was our fire:
 Then in the height of joy she cry'd,
 Oh! I'm undone I fear;
 Oh! kill me, stick me, stick me,
 Kill me, kill me quite my dear.

*A Song in the Bath: Or, Western-Lass; by Mr. Tho.
 D'Urfey, Set by Mr. Jeremy Clark.*



Lord! what's come to my Mother,
 that every day more than other;
 My true age she wou'd smother,
 And says I'm not in my Teens;
 Tho' my Sampler I've sown too,
 My Bib and my Apron out grown too;

By quite away thrown too,
 I wonder what 'tis she means,
 When our *John* do's squeeze my Hand,
 And calls me Sugar sweet;
 My Breath almost fails me,
 I know not what ails me,
 My Heart does so heave and so beat.

I have heard of Desires,
 From Girls that have just been of my Years;
 Love compar'd to sweet Bryers,
 That hurts, and yet do's please:
 Is Love finer than Money,
 Or can it be sweeter then Honey?
 I'm poor Girl such a Toney;
 Evads that I cannot guess,
 But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
 There's something that truth will shew:
 For if Love be a Blessing,
 To please beyond Kissing,
 Our *Jane* and our Butler do's know.

The Trooper Watering his Nagg.



T Here was an old Woman liv'd under' a Hill,
 Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She had good Beer and Ale for to sell,
 Ho, ho, had she so, had she so, had she so :
 She had a Daughter her name was Siss,
 Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She kept her at Home for to welcome her Guests,
 Ho, ho, did she so, did she so, did she so.

There came a Trooper riding by,
 Sing trolly, &c,
 He call'd for Drink most plentifully.
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.
 When one Pot was out he call'd for another,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 He kiss'd the Daughter before the Mother,
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.

'And when Night came on, to Bed they went,
 Sing trolly, &c,
 It was with the Mother's own Consent,
 Ho, ho, was it so, &c.

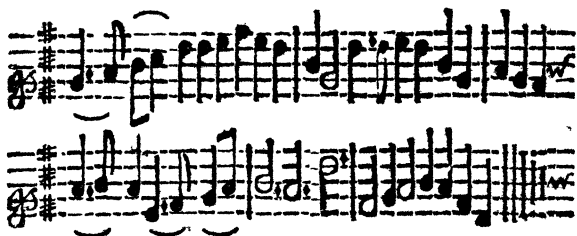
Quoth she what is this so fit and warm,
 sing trolly, &c.,
 'Tis Ball my Nag he will do you no harm,
 ho, ho, wont he so, &c.

But what is this hangs under his chin,
 sing trolly, &c.
 'Tis the bag he puts his provender in,
 ho, ho, is it so, &c.
 Quoth he what is this? Quoth she 'tis a Well
 sing trolly, &c.
 Where Ball your Nag may drink his fill,
 ho, ho, may he so, &c.

But what if my Nag should chance to slip in
 sing trolly, &c.
 Then catch hold on the Grass that grows on the brim,
 ho, ho, must I so, &c.
 But what if the Grass should chance to fail,
 sing trolly, &c.
 Shove him in by the head pull him out by the tail,
 ho, ho, must I so, &c.

A Trip to the Jubilee; the Tune by Mr. R. Loe.





Come bring us Wine in plenty,
 We've Money enough to spend ;
 I hate to see the pots empty,
 A man cannot drink to's Friend:
 Then drawer bring up more Wine,
 And merrily let it pass ;
 We'll drink till our faces do shine,
 He that wont may look like As:
 And we'd tell him so to his face,
 If he offers to balk his glass,
 For we defy all such dull Society.

'Tis dinking makes us merry,
 And Mirth diverts all Care ;
 A Song of hey down derry,
 Is better then heavy Air :
 Make ready quickly my Boys,
 And fill up your glassses higher :
 For we'll present with Huzzas,
 And merrily all give fire ;
 Since drinking's our desire,
 And friendship we admire,
 For here we'll stay, ne'er call Drawer what's to pay.

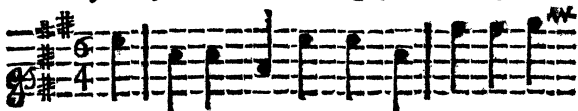
The Good Fellow.



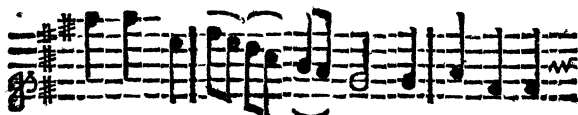
L Et's be jolly fill our Glasses,
 madness 'tis for us to think;
 How the World is rul'd by Asses,
 that o'er sway the Wise with Chink:
 Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us,
 Riches prove to them a Snare;
 We are all as rich as *Craſus*,
 drink your Glasses take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as Roses,
 and our Sorrows all forgot;
 Let us fuddle well our Noses,
 drink our ſelves quite out of Debt:
 When grim Death is looking for us,
 whilst we're ſinging o'er our Bowls;
Bacchus joyning in our Chorus,
 Death depart here's none but Souls.

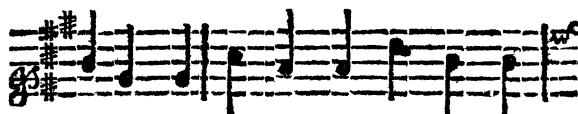
A New Song in the Farce, call'd the Stage-Coach.
Set by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mr. Dogget,



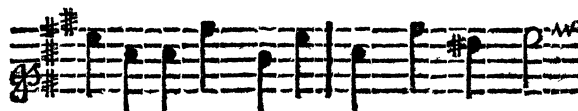
Let's sing of Stage-Coaches, and fear no Re-



-proaches; for rid-ing in one, but gayly be-



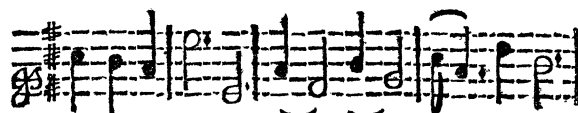
jogging, while whistling, and flogging, while



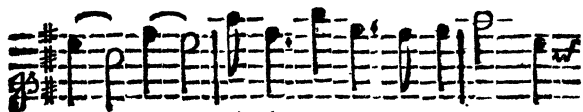
whistling and flogging, the Coach-man drives on;



[with a hay geeup, geeup hay ho, with a hay gee



Dobin hay ho, hay, geeup, geeup, geeup hay ho,



geeup, geeup, geeup hay ho, with a hay, gee



dobin hay ho.

In Coaches thus frowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling;
With Nympts on each side,
Still prattling and playing;
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride.
With a hay, &c.

Here chance kindly mixes,
All sorts and all sexes,
More Females than Men,
We squeeze 'em we ease 'em
The jolting does please 'em,
Drive jollily than,
With a hay, &c.

The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving,
Nor fear we to fall,
For if the Coach tumble,
We'll have a rare Jumble,
And then uptails all.
With a hay, &c.

*Sirephon and Cloris : Or the Coy Shepherd and kind
Shepherdess.*

*He's fearful that his Flocks should go astray,
And from her kind Embraces would away ;
But she with Charms doth him so fetter,
That for to stay he finds it is better :
When Flocks, and Herds, and Concerns do fail,
Love must be satisfied, and will prevail.*



A H! *Cloris* awake,
It is all abroad day,
If you sleep any longer,
Our flocks they will stray.

Lye

Lye still, my dear Shepherd,
 And do not rise yet,
 'Tis a cold windy Morning,
 And besides it is wet.

My *Chloris* make haste,
 For it is no such thing,
 Our time we do waste,
 For the Lark is on Wing;

Besides I do fancy,
 I hear the young Lambs,
 Cry, Ba, ba, ba, ba,
 For the loss of their Dams.

My Shepherd I come,
 Though I'm all over sorrow;
 But I swear I'll not love you,
 If you rise so to Morrow:

For methinks 'tis unkind,
 Thus early to rise,
 And not bid me good Morrow,
 Brings Tears from my Eyes.

Oh! hark my dear *Chloris*,
 Before thou shalt Weep;
 I'll stay to embrace thee,
 neglecting my Sheep:

My Flocks they may wander,
 one, Hour, two, or three;
 But if I lose thy Favour,
 I ruin'd shall be.

I joy my dear Shepherd,
 To hear thee say so;
 It eases my Heart of
 Much Sorrow and Woe.

And

And for thy Reward,
I will give thee a Kiss;
And then thou shalt taste,
Of a true Lover Bliss.

But *Chloris* behold now,
Bright *Phæbus* his Beams;
Invites us to go,
To the murmuring Streams?

I hear the brave Huntsmen;
Doth follow the Cry;
And makes the Woods ring,
Yet how Sluggish am I.

The Hounds and the Huntsmen,
May follow the Chace;
Whilst we enjoy Pleasure,
In a far better Place:

Thou know'st my dear Shepherd,
There is no Delight;
Like Lovers Enjoyment,
From Morning till Night.

Alas! my dear *Chloris*,
What dost thou require;
The Care of my Flocks,
Doth abate my Desire:

The Lambs are new yeaned.
And tender for Prey;
And I fear the sly Wolf,
He should bear them away.

My Love, do not fear it,
The Wolf he is fled,
To take up his Lodging,
In his mossy Bed.

Then

Then let me embrace thee,
Whilst we do agree ;
And I do promise to go,
Thou shalt after be free.

Ah ! *Chloris*, thy words,
Are so powerful to me :
That I could be willing,
To tarry with thee ;

Therefore to content thee,
One hour I will stay,
But I vow, by God *Cupid*,
I will then go away.

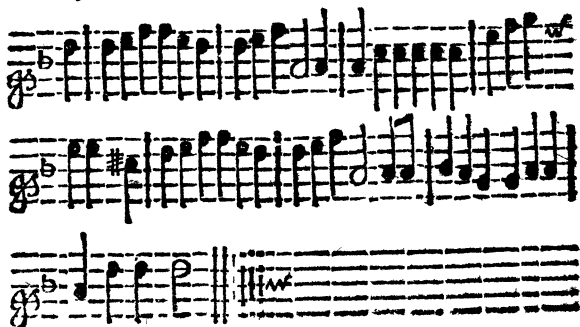
Now I have my Wishes,
Dear Shephard, we'll part ;
Although thou dost carry,
away my poor heart :

I bless the great Gods,
That to Lovers are kind ;
To bring us together,
such bliss for to find.

Then farewell dear *Chloris*,
Till I see thee again,
For now I will haste to,
My flocks on the plain :

Where I will record,
Thy true Love in such Rhimes ;
For shepherds to admire,
In succeeding times.

*The long Vocation Or, a New Touch of the Times :
with the Comical Humours of New Beth'lem, Dr.
Trotter, the never born Doctor, and the Musick-
House, &c.*



IN the long Vocation,
When Business was scanty,
But Cherries, and Whores,
Extraordinary Plenty.

When News came to *England*,
The best e'er was known,
All our Armies Victorious,
The *French* overthrown.

When Quality withdrew,
To their Grottos of Pleasure ;
And Ladies to the Wells,
To spend their Lords Treasure.

When decrepp'd old Sinners,
To the Bath did resort,
For venereal Distempers,
As well as the Sport.

When

When the Red Robe was gone,
To the Country Affizes,
And Butchers, and Carmen,
Were fighting of Prizes.

When Orthodox also,
From the Pulpit did roar ;
'Twas the Sins of the Nation,
Made our Taxes so sore.

When young Golden Captains,
Did walk the Parade ;
But a draught once in motion,
Were always afraid.

When the Cits did retire,
To their Country-Houses ;
Leaving Servants at home,
To lye with their Spouſes.

When Wives too would junket,
While their Cuckolds did ſleep ;
And ſpend more in a Night,
Then they got in a Week.

When high topping Merchants,
Were daily beſet ;
And Statutes of Bankrupts,
Fill'd half our Gazzet.

When Lawyers had not Money,
Nor Shop keepers Trade ;
And our Nation preparing,
Another to invade.

When the Seaſon was too hot,
For the goggle ey'd Jews ;
To exerciſe their Faculties,
In Drury-Lane Stews.

When

When Inns of Court Rakes,
And Quill-driving Prigs;
Flock'd to St. James's,
To shew their long Wigs.

When Sodomites were so impudent,
To ply on the *Exchange*;
And by day-light the pizza's
Of *Covent-Garden* to range.

When the Theatre Jilts,
Would S—ve for a Crown;
And for want of brisk Trading,
Patrol'd round the Town.

When Debauches of both Sexes,
From Hospitals crept,
Where Nine Months at least,
In Flannel they slept.

When Drapers smug'd Prentices,
With *Exchange* Girls most jolly,
After Shop was shut up,
Could sail to the Folly.

When the Amorous Thimberkins,
In *Pater-noster-Row*;
With their Sparks on an Evening,
Could Coach it to Bow.

When Poets and Players,
Were so damnable poor,
That a Three-penny Ordinary,
They often would Score.

When *De' Foe* and the Devil,
At Leap-Frog did play;
And huffing proud Vintners,
Broke every day.

When

When Chamber-Maids dress'd,
 In their Mistresses Cloaths;
 Walk'd in all publick places,
 To Ogle the Beaus.

When Tally-Men had no Faith,
 With Strumpets and Whores;
 But nap'd them in the streets,
 By Dozens and Scores.

When Informers were Rogues,
 And took double pay;
 Much worse then the persons,
 They are hir'd to betray.

When Serjeants were so vigilant,
 'Twas impossible to shame 'em;
 But whip the *Fetters*, immediately,
 G——Eternally D——'em.

When Brewers to the Victuallers,
 Was so curs'd severe;
 They scarce would give Credit,
 For a Barrel of Beer.

Thus is it not evident,
 Tap-lashes don't thrive;
 Since they swarm in most Prisons,
 Like Bees in a Hive.

But you Blue Apron Tribe,
 Let this caution prevail;
 Be not too Saucy,
 Lest you Rot in a Goal.

At this Juncture of time,
 I stroul'd to *Moor-Fields*;
 Much us'd by the Mob,
 To exercise their Heels.

Also fam'd for a Conjuror,
The Devil's head proctor ;
Where a little below him
Dwells the never born *Doctor*.

Two such impudent Rascals,
For Lying and prating ;
That the series of th-ir Lives,
Is not worth my Relating.

My Pockets being lin'd well,
With *Rhino* good store ;
And inclinations much bent,
After a thing call'd a Whore.

To gratifie my lust,
I went to the *Star* :
Where immediatly I espy'd,
A Whore in the Bar.

Whose Phiz was most charming,
And as demure as a Saint ;
But con——ly bedaub'd,
With Patches and Paint.

Sweet Lady, Cry'd I,
I vow and proteſt :
The Sight of your Charms,
Have so wounded my Breast.

That I am down-right in Love,
And my Life shall Destroy ;
If you do not admit me,
Your Favour to enjoy.

Cringing in her A——
The B——then reply'd,
My favour kind Sir,
Shall never be deny'd.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Will you please to walk up,
Or be private below,
Here Bay, with a Bed in't;
The Gentleman shew.

Then backwards we went,
To a Cavern behind;
But such an intricate Place,
The Devil could not find.

Where Wine being brought,
And the Fellow withdrawn;
I carest her with Love,
She made a return.

No Pgs in a Stye,
Or Goats in bad Weather;
E'er must'd so close,
Or more Amorous together.

We kiss'd and we bill'd,
We tickled and toy'd;
And more than once,
Our selves we Enjoy'd.

But the Reckoning grew high,
Which would make my Pocket low,
So how for to bilk 'em,
I did not well know.

But at last by a stratagem,
Pretending to rally;
While she went for more Wine;
I whip'd into an Ally.

'And was so dexterous nimble,
They could not pursue;
So got rid of my Mistress,
And D—— Reckoning too.

Recovering the Fields,
I was void of all Fear;
And the next place to *Bedlam*,
My Course I did steer.

Where was such amphibious Crowds,
I ne'er saw before,
Harlots for the Water,
As well as the Shore.

But one above the rest,
So wondrous Trim;
You would swear she was a Hick,
And no common Brim.

Accosted me presently,
And call'd me her Love;
But I soon did dismiss her,
With a Kick and a Shove.

For the Jade was so homely,
The D ——— would not touch her
Fit only for a Dray-man,
Or *White-Chappel* Butcher.

But had not walk'd long,
Before a rare one I espy'd;
Bright as a Goddess,
And adorn'd like a Bride.

With a rich Furbelo Scarff,
Worth at least Forty Shilling,
And when I ask'd her a Question,
Was extraordinary willing.

So to the Tavern we went,
A curse on the Place;
For her Love was so hot,
It soon fir'd my A——.

Where

Where after a Flask,
Which I swore she should pay:
We took both our leaves,
And went strait away.

The Plague of my Sins,
Made me damnable Sore,
That my Wife soon concluded,
I'd been with a W——.

She scolded so loud, —
And continu'd her Clamour,
I could not forbear,
But to C——her and D——her.

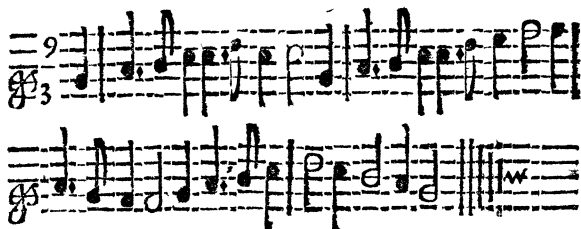
We made such a Noise,
And con —— ed a Racket;
My Landlady knew,
I'd been searching the Placket.

And being good natur'd,
To make up the matter,
Came down in her Smock,
With Jenny her Daughter.

Ah! Tennant (quoth She,)
Let this fault be remitted,
If he'll beg but your Pardon,
He shall be acquitted.

For to speak by the by,
And I'm sure 'tis fact,
You and I have been guilty,
Of many such Act,

^T
For^N Market : A S O N G Sung to the. K. there.



THe Golden Age is come,
The *Winter* Storms are gone,
The Flowers do spread and bloom,
And smile to see the Sun,

Who daily guilds each Grove,
And calms the Air and Seas;
Dame Nature seems in Love,
And all the World's at ease.

You Rogue go saddle *Ball*,
I'll to *New. Market* scour;
You never mind when I call,
I should have been there this Hour.

For there is all sporting and Game,
Without any Plotting of State;
From *Whigs*, and another such *Sham*,
Deliver us, deliver us, O Fate.

Let's be to each other a Prey,
To be cheated by every ones Lot;
Or chous'd any sort of way,
But by another damn'd PLOT.

Let Cullies that lose at the Race,
Go venture at Hazard, and win;
And he that is bubb'd it Dice,
Recover't at Cocking again:

Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,
Let Jockeys play *Crimp* to make Sport,
For Faith it was strange methought,
To see *Tinker* beat the Court.

Each Corner of the Town,
Rings with perpetual Noise;
The *Oyster*-bawling Clown,
Joyns with hot *Pudding Pies*.

And both in Confort keep,
To vend their stinking Ware,
The drouzy God of Sleep,
Hath no Dominion there.

Hey Boys! the Jockeys roar,
If the Mare and the Gelding run,
I'll hold ye Five Guineys to Four,
He beats her, and gives half a Stone.

G—D—me, quoth Bully, 'tis done,
Or else I'm a Son of a Whore;
And fain would I meet with a Man,
Would offer it, would offer it once more.

See, see the damn'd Fate of the Town;
A Fop that was starving of late,
And scarcely could borrow a Crown,
Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes chousing a Trade,
And dreams of his Projects to come,
And many a *Crimp Match* has made,
By bubbling another man's Groom.

The Townsmen are Whiggish. G — Rot 'em;
 Their Hearts are but Loyal by Fits,
 For shou'd you search to the Bottom,
 They're as nasty as the Streets.

But now all Hearts beware,
 See, see on yonder Downs!
 Beauty now Triumphs there,
 And at this Distance wounds.

In the Amazonian Wars
 Thus all the Virgins shone,
 And like the glittering Stars,
 Paid Homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,
 And there doth proudly dwell,
 Far each stubborn Spirit must bow,
 He has found a new Way to kill.

For ne'er was invented before,
 Such Charms of additional Grace,
 Nor has Divine Beauty such Pow'r,
 In ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.

Ods bud! cries my Country-man John,
 Was ever the like before seen;
 By Hats and the Feathers they've on,
 He took them all for Men.

Embroidered, and fine as the Sun,
 Their Horses with Trapping of Gold,
 Such a Sight I shall ne'er see again,
 If I live to a Hundred Years old.

This, this is the Country's Discourse,
 All wond'ring at the rare Sight;
 Then, Roger go saddle my Horse,
 For I will be there to Night.

Plain Proof ruin'd : Or, a grand Cheat Discover'd.



Bold impudent *Fuller* invented a Plot,
And all to discover the Devil knows what ;
About a young Bantling strangely begot.
Which no body can deny.

The better to cheat both the Fools and the Wise,
He impos'd on the Nation a Hundred of Lies ;
That none but a Knight of the Post could devile.
Which no body can deny.

He tells us that he had the Honour to peep,
In the Warming-pan where the *Whelch* Infant did sleep ;
And found out a Plot which was damnable deep.
Which no body can believe.

Then to the wise Senate he suddenly went,
Where he told all the Lies that he then could invent ;
For which he was Voted a Rogue by consent.
Which no body can deny.

And

And tho' he was Punish'd for that his Offence,
He has almost forgot it, it was so long since,
Therefore the old Game he began to commence.
Which no body can deny.

Then he to the Lords his bold Letters did send,
And told the high Peers, that the Plot he could mend,
And make it as plain, as he first did pretend.
Which no body can deny.

He told them his Witnesses were mighty Men,
That wou'd come to the Town, tho' the Devil knows when,
And make *William Fuller* once famous agen.
Which no body can deny.

The Lords they were Generous Noble and Kind,
And allowed him freedom his 'Squires to find,
The which he will do when the Devil is blind,
Which no body can deny.

So the Peers they declar'd him a scandalous Sot,
And none thinks him fit for to manage a Plot,
If *Newgate* and *Tyburn* does fall to his Lot.
There's no body will deny.

They gave him no more time than himself did require,
To find out his *Jones* and the wandering 'Squire,
But the time being come, they were never the nigher,
Which no body can deny.

The brave House of Commons next for him do send,
To here what the block-headly Fool wou'd pretend,
Who humbly request, that they wou'd him besfriend.
Which no body can deny.

One day he declar'd they were near *London Town*,
But the very next day into *Wales* they were flown,
Such nimble heel'd Witnesses never was known.
Which no body can deny.

When being examin'd about his sham Plot,
 He answer'd as though he had minded them not,
 Perhaps the young Rogue had his Lesson forgot.

Which nobody can deny.

But after some Study and impudent Tales,
 Ask'd for a Commission to march into *Wales*,
 And be chain'd to a Herse, as Rogues goes to Goals.

Which no body can deny.

But seeing his Impudence still to abound,
 To go search for the Men who were not to be found,
 They immediately sent him back to Fleet Pound.

Which no body can deny.

From the *Fleet* to the Cart may he quickly advance,
 To learn the true Steps of old *Oates's* New Dance,
 And something beside, or it is a great Chance.

Which no body will deny.

He has made it a Trade to be doing of Wrong,
 In Swearing, and Lying, and Cheating so long,
 For all his Life time, he's been at it ding dong.

Which no body can deny.

Welsh Taffy he raves and crys Splutterdenails,
 He's abused hur Highness with Lyes and with Tales,
 Hur will hang hur if e'er hur can catch hur in *Wales*.

Which no body will deny.

Jockey's Escape from Dundee; and the Parson's
Daughter whom he had Mow'd.



W Here got'st thou the Haver-mill bonack,
Blind Booby can'st thou not see;
Ife got it out of the Scotch-man's Wallet,
As he lig lousing him under a tree:
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come saddle my Horse, and call up my Man;
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
And shew me the Way to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither Robbed nor Stole,
 Nor have I done any Injury ;
 But I have gotten a fair Maid with Child,
 The Minister's Daughter of bonny Dundee:
Come fill up my Cup, com fill up my Can,
Come saddle my Horse and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

'Altho' Ise gotten her Maiden-Head,
 Geud faith Ise have given mine in Lieu ;
 For when at her Daddy's Ise gang to bed,
 Ise mow'd her without any more to do ?
 Ise cuddle her close and gave her a Kiss,
 Pray tell now where is the harm of this,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

A" Scotland ne'er affaid d a Lads
 So bonny and blith as *Je ry* my dear ;
 He gave her a Gown of green on the Grass,
 But now Ise no longer must tarry here :
 Then saddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,
 For now it is time to gang hence away,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more unto bonny Dundee.

In Liberty still I reckon to Reign,
 For why I have done no honest Man wrong ;
 The Parson may take his Daughter again,
 For she'll be a Mammy before it is long ;
 And have a young Lad or a Lads of my breed,
 Ise think I have done her a generous Deed :
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Since *Fenny* the Fair was willing and kind,
 And came to my Arms with ready good Will ;
 A Token of Love Ise left b-hind,
 Thus I have requited her Kindness still : Tho'

Tho' *Jenny* the fair I often had mow'd,
Another may Reap the Harvest I sow'd,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more in bonny Dundee.

Her daddy would have me to make her my Bride,
But have and to hold I ne'er could endure;
From bonny *Dundee* this Day I will Ride,
It being a Place not safe and secure :
Then *Jenny* farewell my Joy and my Dear,
With Sword in my Hand the Passage I clear ;
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ie gang no more to bonny Dundee.

My Father he is a muckle good Leard,
My Mother a Lady bonny and gay ;
Then while I have Strength to handle a Sward,
The Parson's request Ie never obey :
Then *Sawny* my Man be thou of my Mind,
In bonny *Dundee* we'se-ne'er be confin'd,
The Gates we will force to set ourselves free,
And never come more to bonny Dundee.

Then *Sawny* reply'd Ie never refuse,
To fight for a Leard so Valiant and Bold ;
While I have a drop of Blood for to lose,
E'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold :
This Sward in my Hand, I'll valiantly Wield,
And Fight by your side to kill or be kill'd,
For forcing the Gates and set ourselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

With Sward ready drawn they ride to the Gate,
where being denyed an Entrance thro'
The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
That some run away and others they flew :
Thus *Fockey* the Leard, and *Sawny* the Man,
They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
In spite of the Loons they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

*An Unhappy memorable S O N G, of the Hunting
in Chevy-Chase, between Earl Piercy of Eng-
land, and Earl Dowglas of Scotland.*



GOD prosper long our noble King,
our Lives and Safeties all;
A woful Hunting once there did,
in *Chevy-Chase* befall:
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way;
The Child may Rue that is unborn,
the Hunting of that Day:
The stout Earl of *Northumberland*,
a Vow to God did make;
His pleasure in the *Scotish* Woods,
three Summers Days to take:
The chiefeft Harts in *Chevy-Chase*,
to kill and bear away;
The tydings to Earl *Dowglas* came,
in *Scotland* where he lay:
Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
he would prevent his Sport;
The *English* Earl not fearing this,
did to the Wood resort:
With Fifteen Hundred Bow-men bold,
all chosen Men of Might;
Who knew full well in Time of need,
to aim their Shafts aright:

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
to chase the Fallow Deer;
On *Munday* they began to Hunt,
when Day-light did appear:
And long before High-noon they had,
a Hundred fat Bucks slain;
Then having Din'd the Drovers went,
to rouse them up again:
The Bow-men must'rd on the hills,
'well able to endure;
Their back-sides all with special care,
that Day was guarded sure:
The Hounds ran swiftly through the Wood:
the nimble Deer to take;
And with their cries the Hills and Dales,
an Eccho shrill did make:
Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer,
Quoth he Earl *Dowglas* promised,
this Day to meet me here:
If that I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay;
With that a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earl did say:
Lo yonder doth Earl *Dowglas* come,
his Men in Armour bright;
Full Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
all Marching in our Sight:
All Men of pleasant *Tivendale*,
fast by the River *Tweed*;
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
and take your Bows with speed:
And now with me my Country-men,
your Courage forth Advance;
For never was there Champion yet,
in *Scotland* or in *France*:
That ever did on Horse-back come,
but since my Hap it were;
I durst Encounter Man for Man,
with him to break a Spear:

Earl *Dowglas* on a Milk white Steed,
most like a Baron bold;
Rode foremost of the Company,
whose Armour Shone like Gold:
Shew me (said he) whose Men you be,
that Hunt so boldly here;
That without my Consent do Chase,
and kill my Fallow Deer:
The Man that first did Answer make,
was noble *Piercy* he;
Who said we list not to declare,
nor shew whose Men we be;
Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
Thy chiefeft Harts to slay;
Then *Dowglas* swore a solemn Oath,
and thus in Rage did say:
E'er thus I will out-braved be,
one of us two shall die;
I know thee well an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy* so am I:
But trust me *Piercy* pity it were,
and great offence to kill;
Any of these our harmless Men,
for they have done no ill:
Let thou and I the Battle try,
and set our Men aside,
Accurst be he Lord *Piercy* said,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name;
Who said I would not have it told,
to *Henry* our King for shame:
That e'er my Caprain fought on Foot,
and I stood looking on;
You be two Earls said *Witherington*,
and I a Squire alone:
I'll do the best that do I may,
while I have Power to stand;
While I have Power to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

Our English Archers bent their Bows,
 their Hearts were good and true;
 At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
 full Threescore *Scors* they flew.
 To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
 Earl *Dowglas* had the Bent:
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 the Spears to Shivers sent:
 They clos'd full fast on every side,
 no slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant Gentleman,
 lay Gasping on the Ground:
 O Christ! it was a Grief to see,
 and likewise for to hear;
 The cries of Men lying in their Gore,
 And scattered here and there:
 At last these two stout Earls did meet,
 like Captains of great Might;
 Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
 and made a cruel fight;
 They fought until they both did sweat
 with Swords of tempered Steel:
 Until the Blood like drops of Rain,
 they trickling down did fall.
 Yield thee Lord *Piercy*, *Dowglas* said,
 in Faith I will thee bring:
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 by *James* our *Scottish* King:
 Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 and thus Report of thee;
 Thou art the most Couragious Knight,
 that ever I did see.
 To *Dowglas* quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
 thy proffer I do Scorn;
 I will not yield to any *Scor*,
 that ever yet was Born.
 With that there came an Arrow keen,
 out of an English Bow;
 Which struck Earl *Dowglas* to the Heart,
 a deep and deadly Blow.

Who

Who never spoke more Words then these,

Fight on my merry Men all;

For why, my Life is at an end,

Lord *Piercy* sees my fall.

Then leaving Life Earl *Piercy* took,

the dead Man by the hand;

And said Earl *Dowglas* for thy Life,

would I had lost my Land.

O Christ! my very Heart doth bleed,

with Sorrow for thy Sake;

For sure a more renowned Knight,

mischance did ever take.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was,

which saw Earl *Dowglas* die:

Who straight in Wrath did vow Revenge

upon the Earl *Piercy*:

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,

who with a Spear most bright:

Well Mounted on a gallant Steed,

ran fiercely through the Fight:

And past the English Archers all,

without all Dread or Fear;

And through Earl *Piercy's* Body then,

he thrust his hateful Spear:

With such a vehement Force and Might,

he did his Body gore;

The Spear ran through the other side,

a large Cloth-Yard and more.

So thus did both those Nobles die,

whose Courage none could Stain,

An English Archer then perceiv'd,

the Noble Earl was Slain.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,

made of a trusty Tree:

An Arrow of a Cloth-Yard long,

unto the Head drew he:

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,

so right his Shaft he set;

The Grey-goose Wing that was thereon,

in his Heart Blood was wet.

This

This Fight did last from break of Day,
 till Setting of the Sun;
 For when they rung the Evening Bell,
 the Battle scarce was done.
 With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain,
 • Sir *John* of *Ogerton*;
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
 Sir *JAMES* that bold Baron:
 And with Sir *George* and good Sir *JAMES*,
 both Knights of good Account;
 Good Sir *Ralph Rabby* there was slain,
 whose Prowess did surmount:
 For *Withrington* needs must I wail,
 as one in doleful dumps;
 For when his Legs were smitten off,
 he fought upon his Stumps.
 And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain,
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery*;
 Sir *Charles Currel* that from the Field,
 one foot would never fly:
 Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
 his Sister's Son was he;
 Sir *David Lamb* so well esteem'd,
 yet saved could not be.
 And the Lord *Markwel* in likewise,
 did with Earl *Douglas* dye;
 Of Twenty Hundred *Scottish* Spears,
 scarce Fifty Five did fly.
 Of Fifteen Hundred English Men,
 went home but Fifty three;
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*,
 under the Green Wood Tree.
 Next Day did many Widows come,
 there Husbands to bewail,
 They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
 but all would not prevail.
 Their Bodies bath'd in Purple Blood,
 they bore with them away;
 They kist them Dead a Thousand Times,
 when they were clad in Clay.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
where *Scotland's* King did Reign ;
That brave Earl *Dowglas* suddenly,
was with an Arrow Slain.
O heavy News King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be ;
I have not any Captain more,
of such Account as he :
Like Tydings to King *Henry* came,
within as short a Space ;
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*,
was Slain in *Chevy-Chace*.
Now God be with him said our King,
sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust I have within my Realm
five Hundred as good as he.
Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say,
but I will Vengeance take ;
And be Revenged on them all,
for brave Lord *Piercy's* sake.
This Vow full well the King perform'd,
after one *Humble-down* :
In one Day fifty Knights were Slain,
with Lords of great Renown.
And of the rest of small account,
did many Hundreds die ;
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chase*,
made by the Earl *Piercy*.
God save the King and bless the Land,
in Plenty, Joy and Peace ;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
'twixt Noble Men may cease.

The Woman Warriour. Who liv'd in Cow-Cross near West-Smithfield; who changing her Apparrel Entered her self on board in Quality of a Soldier, and sailed to Ireland where she valiantly behaved her self, particularly at the Siege of Cork, where she lost her Toes and received a Mortal Wound in her Body of which she since Died in her return to London.



LET the Females attend,
 To the Lines which are pen'd,
 For here I shall give a Relation;
 Of a young marry'd Wife,
 Who did venture her Life,
 For a Soldier, a Soldier she went from the Nation.

She

She her Husband did leave,
 And did likewise receive,
 Her Arms and on Board she did enter;
 And right valiantly went,
 With a Resolution bent,
 To the Ocean, the Ocean her Life there to venture.

Yet of all the Ships Crew,
 Not a Seaman that knew,
 They then had a woman so near 'em,
 On the Ocean so deep,
 She her Council did keep,
 Ay and therefore, and therefore she never did fear 'em.

She was valiant and bold,
 And would not be controll'd,
 By any that dare to offend her:
 If a Quarrel arose,
 She would give them dry Blows,
 And the Captain, the Captain did highly command her.

For he took her to be,
 Then of no mean Degree,
 A Gentleman's Son or a 'Squire;
 With a Hand white and fair,
 There was none could compare,
 Which the Captain, the Captain did often admire;

On the Irish Shore,
 Where the Cannons did roar,
 With many stout Lads she was landed;
 There her Life to expose,
 She lost two of her Toes,
 And in Battle, in Battle was daily commanded.

Under Grafton she fought,
 Like a brave Hero stout,
 And made the proud Tories retire;
 She in Field did appear,

With

With a Heart void of Fear,
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give fire.

While the battering Balls,
Did assault the strong Walls,
Of *Cork* and the sweet Trumpets sounded ;
She did bravely advance,
Where by unhappy Chance,
This young Female, young Female alas she was wounded.

At the End of the Fray,
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the Ocean they brought her ;
To her own Native Shore,
Now they ne'er knew before,
That a Woman, a Woman had been in that slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd,
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a Woman that ventur'd ;
Then to *London* with care,
She did straitways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the City she enter'd,

When her Parents beheld,
They with Sorrow was fill'd,
For why they did dearly adore her :
In her Grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery Eyes,
No nor Sighing, nor Sighing, that e'er can restore her.

*The Crafty Cracks of East Smith field, who pick't
up a Master Colour upon Tower-Hill whom they
Plunder'd of a Purse of Silver, also with above
Threescore Guineas.*



You master Colour's pray draw near,
And listen to my Report ;
My grief is great, for lo of late,
Two Ladies I chanc'd to Court :
Who did meet me on *Tower-Hill*,
Their Beauty's I did behold :
Those Crafty Fades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I'll tell you how it came to pass,
This sorrowful Story is thus :
Of Guineas bright a glorious Sight,
I had in a Cat-skin Purse :
The Value of near Fourscore Pounds,
As good as e'er I had told,
Those Crafty Fades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I saw two poor distressed Men,
Who lay upon *Tower-hill*,
To whom in brief I gave Relief,
According to my good Will :
Two wanton Misses drawing near,
My Guineas they did behold ;
They laid a Plot by which they got,
My Silver and yellow Gold.

They both address'd themselves to me,
And thus they was pleas'd to say ;
Kind Sir, indeed, we stand in need,
Altho' we are fine and gay :
Of some Relief which you may give,
I thought they were something bold ;
The Plot was laid I was betray'd,
And plunder'd of all my Gold.

Alas 'tis pity then I cry'd,
Such Ladies of good Repute ;
Should want Relief, therefore in brief,
I give 'em a kind Sa'ute :
Thought I of them I'll have my Will,
Altho' I am something old ;
They were I see too wise for me,
They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Then

Then to East *Smithfield* was I led,
And there I was entertain'd ;
With Kisses fine and Brandy Wine,
In Merriment we remain'd :
Methought it was the happiest Day,
That ever I did behold ;
Sweet Meat alas ! had sower Sauce,
They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Time after Time to pay their Shot,
My Guineas I would lug out ;
Those Misses they wou'd make me stay,
And rally the other Bout :
I took my Fill of Pleasures then
Altho' I was something old ;
Those Joys are past, they would not last,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

As I was at the wanton Game,
My Pocket they fairly pick'd ;
And all my Wealth they took by stealth,
Thus was a poor Colour trick'd :
Let me therefore a Warning be,
To Merchants both young and old ;
For now of late hard was my Fate,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

They got three Pounds in Silver bright,
And Guineas above Threescore,
Such sharpening Cracks breaks Merchants backs,
I'll never come near them more :
Sure now I have enough of them,
My Sorrows cannot be told ;
That crafty Crew makes me look Blew,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

A Meddly, Compos'd out of several SONG S.



State and Ambition, all Joy to great *Cæsar*,
Sanny shall ne'er be my Colly my Cow;
 All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
 And call upon *Dobbin* with Hi, j, ho:
 Remember ye Whigs what was formerly done;
 And *Jenny* come tye my bonny Cravat,
 If I live to grow old for I find I go down,
 For I cannot come every Day to Woo.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler *Tom Farthing*,
 and *Focky* and *Fenny* together did lie;
 Oh Mother *Roger*: Boys, fill us a Bumper,
 For why will ye die my poor *Celia*, ah why?
 Hark! how thundring Cannons do roar,
 Ladies of *London*, both wealthy and fair;
Charon make haste and ferry me o'er,
 Lilli burlero, bullea a lah.

Chloris awake ; Four-pence-half-penny-farthing.
 give me the Lads that is true Country bred ;
 Like *John* of *Gaunt* ; I walk in *Covent-Garden*,
 I am Maid and a very good Maid :
 Twa bonny Lads was *Sammy* and *Fokey*,
 The Delights of the Bottle and Charms of good Wine ;
 Wading the Water so deep my sweet *Moggy*,
 Cold and Raw ; let it run in the right Line.

Old *Obediab* sing *Ave Maria*,
 sing Lulla-by-Baby, with a Dildo ;
 The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 Now this is my Love d'y' like her ho ?
 Old *Charon* thus preach'd to his Pupil *Achilles*,
 And under this Stone here lies *Gabriel John* :
 Happy was I at the sight of Fair *Phillis*,
 What should a young Woman do with an old Man ?

There's old Father *Peters* with his Romish Creatures,
 There was an old Woman sold Pudding and Pies,
 Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,
 I once lov'd a Lads that had bright rowling Eyes :
 There's my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
 I took to my Heels and away I did run,
 And bids him prepare to be happy to Morrow,
 Alas ! I don't know the right end of a Gun.

My Life and Death does lye both in your Power,
 And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me ;
 On a Bank of a Brook as I sat fishing,
 Shall I die a Maid now and ne'er married be :
 Uds bobs let *Oliver* now be forgotten,
Joan is as good as my Lady in the dark ;
 Cuckolds are Christians Boys all the World over,
 And here's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark*.

The Dance of the Uurur and the Devil.



L Aft Chriftmafs 'twas my chance,
to be in *Paris* City,
Where I did fee a dance,
In my conceit was very pretty—by men of France,

First came the Lord of *Pool*,
And he begun his Measure,
The next came in a Fool,
And Danc'd with him for pleasure—with his Tool,

The next a Knight came in,
Who look'd as he would swagger,
And after followed him
A merry needy beggar—Dancing in.

The next a Gentleman,
On him a Servant tending;
And there the dance began,
With nimble Bodies beading—Like two Friends.

Then in a Lawyer came,
With him a Knave came leaping,
And as they danc'd in Frame,
So Hand in Hand went skipping — To the Term.

The next a Citizen,
And he a Cuckold leading;
So round about the Room,
Their Masque they fell a treading — And fain they would.

The next an Usurer,
Old fat Guts he came grunting;
The Devil left all care,
For joy he fell a Jumping — To see him there,

And ending then their Masque,
The Fool his Lord he carries;
Upon his Back in haste;
No longer there he tarries — But left the place.

The Beggar took the Knight,
Who took it in Derision;
The earl'seant took in Spite,
The Gentleman to Prison — for all his Might.

The Cuckold silly Man,
Altho' he was abhorred;
He took the Citizen,
And fed him by the Forehead — And out he ran.

The Devil lik'd it well,
His lot it was to carry;
The Usurer to Hell,
And there with him to tarry.

*The Suburbs is a fine place, to the Tune of London
is a fine Town.*



THe Suburbs is a fine Place belonging to the City,
It has no Government at all, a lack the more the Pity,
A Wife, a silly Animal, esteem'd in that same Place,
For there a civil Woman now's aham'd to shew her Face,
(Heart,
The Misses there have each Mans Time, his Mony, nay his
Then all in all, both great and small & all in ev'ry Part.

Which Part it is a thorough fair so open and so large,
(Barge,
One well might sail through ev'ry Tail even in a western
(Town,
These Craks that Coach it now, when first they came to
Did turn up Tail for a Pot of Ale in Linsey Woolsey Gown.

The Bullies first debauch'd 'em, in Baudy Covent-Garden,
(thing
That filthy place where ne'er a wench was everworth a far-
And then their Maiden-heads are sold to sneaking Lords,
(Words.
Which Lords are clapt at least nine fold for taking of their

And then my Lord that many tries, she looks so Innocent,
Believing he infected her, he makes a Settlement :
These are your Craks who skill'd in all kind of Debauches
Do daily piss, spue & whore in their own glass Coaches.

Now Miss turn night walker, till Lord Mayors Men she
 (meets through *London* streets,

O'er night she's drunk next day she's finely flogged,
 (Stalls,

After their Rooms of State are chang'd to bulks or coblers
 'Till Poverty and Pox agree they dying in Hospitals.

This Suburbs gallant Fop that takes delight in Roaring,
 (Whoring,

He spends his time in huffing, swearing, drinking and in
 And if an honest man and his Wife meet them in the Dark,
 (name of Spark.

Makes nothing to run the Husband through to get the
 But when the Constable appears, the Gallant, let me tell ye,
 His heart defiles his breeches and sinks into his belly,
 These are the silly Rogues that think it fine and witty,
 To laugh and joak at Aldermen the rulers of the City.

They'd kiss our Wives but hold for all their plotting pates,
 (Estates;

While they would get us Children we are getting their
 And still in vain they court pretending it their cares,
 (Heirs.

That their Estates may thus descend unto the Lawful
 Their Play-houses I hate, are Shops to set off Wenches,
 (benches;

Where Fop and Miss like dog and bitch do couple under
 That I might advise the chiefeft Play-house monger,
 I have a Sister of my own both handsomer and younger.

She lives not far off in the parish called *St. Clements*,
 She never lived in Cellar nor sold Oranges and Lemons,
 (Temptations,

Then why should Play house Trulls with paint and such
 Be an eye sore to me & more to the best part o'th' Nation
 Now you that all this while have listened to my Ditty.

City.
 With freightned hands pray drink a health unto this noble
 And let us pray to *Jove* these suburb folks to mend,
 And having now no more to say I think it fit to end,

The Old Woman's Wish.



AS I went by an Hospital,
 I heard an old Woman cry,
 Kind Sir, quoth she, be kind to me
 once more before I Die,
 And grant to me those Joys,
 that belong to Woman-kind,
 And the Fates above reward your Love,
 to an old Woman Poor and Blind.

I find an itching in my Blood,
 altho' it be something Cold,
 Therefore good Man do what you can,
 to comfort me now I'm Old.
 And Grant to me those Joys,
 that belongs to Woman kind,
 And the Fates above reward your Love,
 to an old Woman Poor and Blind.

Altho' I cannot see the Day,
 Nor never a glance of Light;
 Know Sir I swear and do declare,
 I honour the Joys of Night:
 Then grant to me those Joys,
 That belong to Woman kind,
 And the Fates above Reward your Love,
 To an old Woman poor and Blind.

When I was in my Blooming Youth,
 My vigorous Love was hot;
 Now in my Age I dare engage,
 A Faacy I still have got:
 Then give to me those Joys,
 That belong to Woman kind,
 And the Fates above Reward your Love;
 To an old Woman poor and Blind.

You shall not miss of a Reward,
 If Readily you comply;
 Then do not Blush but touch my Flesh,
 This Minute before I Die:
 O let me taste those Joys,
 That belong to Woman kind,
 And the Fates above Reward your Love,
 To an old Woman poor and Blind.

I Forty Shillings would freely give,
 'Tis all the Money I have;
 Which I full long have begged for,
 To carry me to my Grave:
 This I would give to have the Bliss,
 That belongs to Woman kind,
 And the Fates above Reward your Love,
 To an old Woman poor and Blind.

I had a Husband in my youth,
 As very well 'tis known,

The truth to tell he pleased me well,
But now I am left alone ;
And long to taste the good old Game,
That belongs to Woman-kind :
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman poor and blind.

If Forty Shillings will not do,
My peticoat and my gown ;
Nay Smock also shall freely go,
To make up the other Crown ;
Then Sir pray Grant that kind request,
That belongs to Woman kind ;
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman poor and blind.

Tho' I am Fourscore years of Age,
I Love with a right good will ;
And what in truth I want in Youth,
I have it in perfect skill :
Then grant to me that Charming bliss,
That belongs to Woman kind ;
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman poor and blind.

Now if you do not pleasure me, -
And give me the thing I crave ;
I do protest I shall not rest,
When I am laid in my Grave :
Therefore, kind Sir, Grant me the Joys,
That belongs to Woman kind ;
And the fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman poor and blind.

The Mad man's S O N G.



THere can be no Glad-man compar'd to the Mad-man,
His mind is still void of care,
His Fits and his Fancies, are above all Mischances,
And Mirth is his ordinary Fare.

*Cho. Then be thou mad, mad mad let's be,
Nor shall the foul Fiend be madder than we.*

The Wise and the Witty, in Court and in City,
Are subj-ct to sorrow and pain,
While he that is Mad, knows not why to be sad,
Nor has any cause to complain.

Cho. Then be thou Mad, &c.

We laugh at you wise Men that thus do despise Men,
Whose Senses you think do Decline,

Mark well and you'll see, what you count but Frenzy,
Is indeed but Raptures Divine.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

Let the Grave and the Wise pluck out their Eyes.
To set forth a Book worth a Groat ;
We mad-men are quicker grow Learn'd with good Liquor
And Chirp a merry Note.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

Hast thou lost thy Estate man, why, care not for that man,
What Wealth mayst not fancy thy own ;
More then Queen *Dido* or her Afs-car'd *Midas*.
That great Philosopher's stone.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

Pompey was a mad-man, and so long a glad man!
But at length he was forced to flee ;
For *Cesar* from *Gallia* beat him in *Pharsalia*,
'Cause a madder fellow then he.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

'Twas this Extasie brave that the great Courage gave,
If your eyes were but ope' and would see ;
To great *Alexander*, that mighty Commander,
As mad a Fellow as could be.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

Then a round goes a Health to the Lady o'th' House,
If any man here does forsake it ;
For a fool let him go, we know better Manners,
And so we mean to take it.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

There's no night Mirth's going, nor any Lad wooing,
But Madmen are privy unto it ;
For the Stars so peep, into every such thing,
And wink upon us as you do it.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

When the Frost Ice and Snow, do benumb things below,
 We chirp as Merry as Larks,
 Our Sack and our madness, consumes cold and sadness.
 And we are the Jovial sparks.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

Has thy Mistress frown'd on thee, or thy Rivale out gone ^[thee?]
 Let sober and wise fellows pine,
 Whilst bright *Miralind* and goodly *Dulcind*,
 And the rest of the Fairyes are thine.

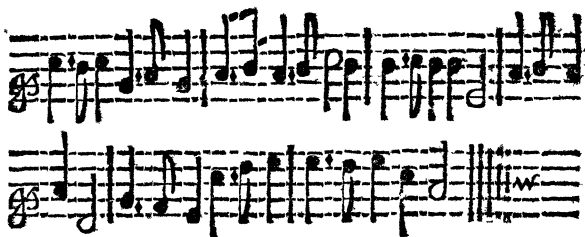
Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

A mad-man needs baulk no manner of talk,
 His Tongue's never guilty with Treason,
 But a wise knave would suffer, if the same he should utter,
 For a wise man's guilt is his reason.

Cho. *Then be thou mad, &c.*

A S O N G.





A Shepherd kept sheep on a hill so high, fa, la, la, &c.
 And there came a pretty maid passing by, fa, la, &c.
 Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a Wife,
 No by my troth I'm not weary of my life, fa, la, la, &c.

Shepherd from thee I care not a fly, fa, la, la, &c.
 For thou'st not the face with a fair maid to lie, fa, la, &c.
 How now my Damsel say'st thou me so,
 Thou shalt taste of my bottle before thou dost go, fa, la, &c.

Then he took her and laid her upon the ground, fa, la, &c.
 And made her believe that the world went round, fa, la,
 Look yonder my shepherd look yonder I spy,
 There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the sky, fa, la,

And now they are vanish and now they appear, fa, la, la,
 Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here, fa, la, la,
 Lie still my dear *Chloris* enjoy thy Conceit,
 For the babes are too young & too little to prate, fa, la, la.

See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day, fa, la, la,
 Rise quickly or they will all run away fa, la, la,
 Rise quickly my Shepherd quickly I tell ye,
 For the Sun Moon and Stars are got all in my belly, fa, la,

O dear where am I pray shew me the way, fa, la, la,
 Unto my Fathers house hard by, fa, la, la.

If he chance to chide for staying so long,
I'll tell him the fumes of your Bottle were strong, fa, la, la,

And now thou hast brought my Body to Shame, fa, la,
I prithee now tell me what is thy Name, fa, la, la,
Why *Robin* in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary, fa, la, la, &c.

Then for *Robin* in the Rushes she did enquire, fa, la, la,
[her, fa, la, la,
But he hung down his Head and he would not come nigh
He wink'd with one Eye as if he had been Blind.
And he drew one Leg after a great way behind. fa, la, la, &c.

A S O N G.



AS I was walking under a Grove,
Within my self as I supposed;
My Mind did oftentimes remove,
And by no means could be disclosed:
At length by chance a Friend I met,
Which caused me long time to tarry;
And thus of me she did intreat,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

Sweet-heart, quoth I, if you would know,
Then hear the Words and I'll reveal it;
Since in your Mind you hear it so,
And in your Heart you will conceal it:
She promised me, she'd make no words,
But of such things she would be wary;
And thus in brief I did begin,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

When Shrove-tide falls in Easter week,
And Christmasts in the midst of July;
When Lawyers for no Fees will Plead,
And Taylors they prove Just and Truly:
When all Deceits are quite put down,
And Truth by all Men is preferred;
And *Indigo* dies Red and Brown,
O then my Love and I'll be Married.

When Men and Beasts in the Ocean flow,
And Fishes in great Flocks are feeding;
When Muscle shells in the streets grow,
And Swans upon dry Rocks be breeding;
When Cockle shells are Diamond Rings,
And Glass to Pearl may be compared,
Gold is made of a Grey-goose Wings,
O then my Love and I'll be Married.

When Hostesses do reckon true,
 And Dutch men leave off drinking Brandy,
 When Cats do bark and Dogs do mew,
 And brimstone is took for Sugar-candy :
 Or when that Whitsuntide do fall,
 Within the month of *January* ;
 And a Cobler works without an Awl,
 O then, &c.

When Women know not how to scold,
 And Maids on Sweet-hearts ne'er are thinking ;
 When men in the fire complain of cold,
 And Ships on *Salisbury* plain fear sinking :
 Or when Horse-Courfers turn honest men,
 And *London* into *York* is carried ;
 And out of one you can take ten,
 O then, &c.

When candlesticks do serve for bells,
 And frying-pans they do use for Ladles ;
 When in the Sea they dig for wells,
 And porridge-pots they use for Cradles :
 When Maids forget to go a Maying,
 And a man on his back an Ox can carry ;
 Or when the mice with the cat be playing,
 O then, &c.

Good Sir, since you have told me when,
 That you're resolved for to marry ;
 I wish with all my heart till then,
 That for a Wife you still may tarry :
 But if all young men were of your mind,
 And Maids no better were preferred ;
 I think it were when the D——I were blind,
 That we and our Lovers should be married.

Gilderoy's last Farewel To an excellent new Tune.



Gilderoy was a bonny Boy,
 had roses tull his shun,
 His stockings were made of the finest silk,
 his garters hanging down ;
 It was a comely sight to see,
 he was so trim a boy ;
 He was my Joy and Hearts Delight,
my handjom Glideroy.

Oh like a charming eye he had,
 a breath as sweet as rose,
 He never wore a Highland-plad,
 but cosily silken Cloaths :

He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
 there's none to him was Coy;
 Ah, wa is me, Ise mourn this Day,
for my dear Gilderoy.

My *Gilderoy* and I was born,
 both in one Town together;
 Not past seven Years of Age,
 since oae did Love each other:
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both,
 were cloath'd with muckly Joy;
 To think upon the bridal Day,
betwixt I and my Gilderoy.

For *Gilderoy* that Love of mine,
 Geud faith Ise freely bought;
 A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
 with silk in flowers wrought:
 And he gave me a Wedding Ring,
 which I receiv'd with Joy;
 No Lads or Lasses e'er could Sing,
like my sweet Gilderoy.

In mickle Joy we spent our time,
 till we was both Fifteen;
 Then gently he did lay me down,
 amongst the L-aves so Green:
 When he had done what he could do,
 he 'rose and he gang'd his woy;
 But ever since I lov'd the Man,
my handsome Gilderoy.

While we did both together play,
 he kifs'd me o'er and o'er;
 Geud faith it was as blith a Day,
 as e'er I saw before:

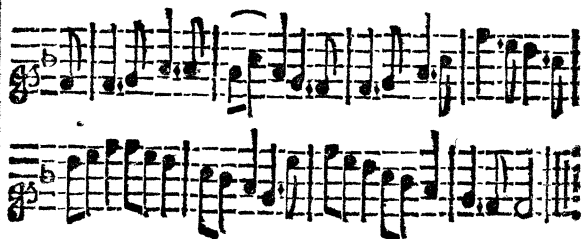
He fill'd my Heart in every Vein,
with Love and muckle Joy ;
Who was my Love and Hearts delight,
mine own sweet Gilderoy.

Oh! never never shall I see,
the cause of past delight ;
Or like a lovely Lad as he,
transport my Ravish'd sight :
The Law forbids what Love enjoyns,
and does prevent our Joy ;
Though just and fair were the D. signs,
of me and Gilderoy.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
must he be punish'd then ;
What kind of Cruelty is this,
to hang such handsome Men ?
The Flower of the Scottish land,
a sweet and lovely Boy ;
He likewise had a Lady's hand,
my handsome Gilderoy.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
and there God wot they hang'd him ;
Carry'd him to fair *Edinburgh*,
and there God wot they hang'd him :
They hang'd him up above the rest,
he was so trim a Boy ;
My only Love and Hearts Delight,
my handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
in *Cypress* he was laid ;
Then for my dearest after Death,
a Funeral I made :
Over his Grave a Marble-stone,
I fixed for my Joy ;
Now I am left to Weep alone,
for my dear Gilderoy.

The Scotch Wedding between Jockey and Jenny.

Then *Jockey* would a Wooing away,
 on our feast day when he was foo,
 Then *Jenny* put on her best array
 when she thought *Jockey* would come to woo.

If I thought *Jockey* were come to Town,
 - it wad be for the love of me:

Then wad I put on beth hat and Goown,
 - because I'd seem worstsome in his eye.

Then *Jenny* prick'd up a brant breecht broow
 she was as breecht as onny clock:

As *Moggy* always used to do,
 for fear her Sweet heart shou'd her mock.

Then *Jenny* shoo tripped up the stairs,
 and secretly to shift her smock;

But leard how loud her mother swears,
 O hast away *Jenny*, and cone to *Jock*.

Then *Jenny* came tripping down the stairs,

oh Leard so nimbly tripped she

But oh how *Jockey* began to stare,
 when he beheld hur fair Beauty.

Then

Then *Fenny* made a Curtsey low,
 Until the Stairs did touch her Dock;
 But Lear'd how loud her Mother did lough,
 When shoo *Fenny* was come to *Jock*.

Then *Jockey* tuke *Fenny* by the Nease,
 Saying my dear Lovey canst thou loof me?
 My Father is Dead and has left me Land,
 Some fair ould Houses twa or three.

Thou shalt be the Lady o'er them aw,
 I doot, quod *Fenny* you do me mock;
 Ad ta my saw, quoth *Jockey*, then,
 I come to woo thee *Fenny* quoth *Jock*.

This to be said after the SONG.

Sea then they gang'd to th' Kirk to be wad; noow they
 den't use to wad in *Scotchland* as they wad in *England*, for
 they gang to the Kirk, and they take the Donkin by the
 Rocket, and say good morn Sir Donkin, says Sir Donkin,
 ah *Jockey* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Fenny* to thy wadded Wife?
 ay by her Lady quoth *Jockey* and thanka twa we aw my
 heart; ah *Fenny* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Jockey* to thy wad-
 d-d Loon to have and to hold for aver an aver forsaking
 aw other Loons lubberloons black Lips, blew Nases, an
 aw Swiggbell'd caves? ah an these twa be'nt as weel wad-
 ded as e'er I wadded twa in *Scotchland*, the Deel and St.
Andrew part ye.

A Scotch S O N G made to the Irish J I G G and
sung to the King at Whitehall.



Lately as thorough the fair *Edinburgh*,
to view the meadows as I was a ganging;
Fockey and *Moogy* were walking and talking
of Love and Religion, thus closely Haranguing.
Never says *Moggy*, come near me false *Fockey*,
for thou art a Whig, and I mean to abhor thee:
Ize be no bride. nor will lig by thy side,
for no sneaking Rebel shall lift a Leg o'er me.

Fockey. Fairest and Dearest,
 And to my Heart nearest,
To live with thy Frowns I no longer am able;
 I am so loving,
 And thou art so moving,
Each hair of thy Head ties me fast a Cable:
 Thou

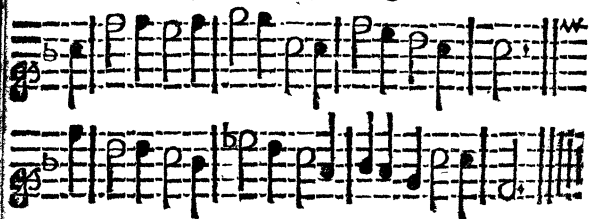
Thou hast that in thee,
He sure to win me,
To Jew, Turk, or Atheist, so much I adore thee:
Nothing I'd shun,
That is under the Sun,
So I have the pleasure to lift a leg o'er thee.

Moggey.

Plotters and Traytors,
And Affociators,
In every degree thou shalt swear to oppose 'em;
Swimmers and Trimmers,
The Nations Redeemers,
And for thy Reward thou shalt sleep in my Bosom.
I had a Dad,
Was a Royal brave Lad,
And as true as the Sun to his Monarch before me,
Moggy he cry'd,
The same hour that he Dy'd,
Let no sneaking Rebel e'er lift a Leg o'er thee.

Fockey.

Adieu then ye Crue then,
Of Protestant Blue Men,
No Faction his *Moggy* from *Fockey* shall sever;
Thou shalt at Court,
My Conversion Report,
I am not the first Whig by his Wife brought in
If never deal, (favour:
For the dull Common Weal,
To fight for true monarchy shall be my Glory!
Lull'd with thy Charms,
Then I die in thy Arms,
When I have the Pleasure to lift a Leg o'er thee.

The fair Lads of Islington.

THere was a Lads of *Islington*,
 As I have heard many tell;
 And she would to fair *London* go,
 Fine Apples and Pears to sell:
 And as along the streets she flung,
 With her Basket on her Arm;
 Her Pears to sell you may know right well,
 This fair Maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the Street,
 Her pleasant Fruit to sell;
 A Vintner did with her meet,
 Who lik't this Maid full well;
 Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there,
 In Basket decked brave;
 Fine Pears, quoth she, and if 't please ye,
 A Taste Sir you shall have.

The Vintner he took a Taste,
 And lik't it well for why;
 This Maid he thought of all the rest,
 Most pleasing to his Eye;
 Quoth he, fair Maid, I have a Suit,
 That you to me must grant;
 Which if I find you be so kind,
 Nothing that you shall want.

Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,
 And dazles so my Sight;

That

That now of all my Liberty,
I am deprived quite :
Then prithes now consent to me,
And do not put me by ;
It is but one small courtesie,
All Night with you to lie.

Sir if you lie with me one Night,
As you propound to me ;
I do expect that you should prove,
Both courteous kind and free :
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you five Pound,
A Match, a Match the Vintner said,
And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all Night,
Her Mony she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,
And thy Mony thou shalt have :
I cannot stay nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy Mony go look,
For Mony I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
But to a Justice went ;
And unto him she made her Moan,
Who did her Case lament :
She said she had a Celler let out,
To a Vintner in the Town ;
And how that he did then agree,
Five Pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,
No Rent that he will pay ;
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
To send for him this Day :

Then frait the Justice for him sent,
And asked the Reason why;
that he would pay this Maid no Rent,
To which he did Reply,

Although I hired a Sellar of her,
And the possession was mine;
I ne'er put any thing into it,
But one poor Pipe of Wine:
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
As you may plainly see;
I from my freedom was debarr'd,
Then good Sir favour me.

This Fair Maid being Ripe of Wit,
She straight reply'd again;
There were too Buts more at the Door,
Why did you not roul them in:
You had your Freedom and your Will,
As is to you well known;
Therefore I do desire still,
For to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their case,
Did them give order frait;
That he the Money should pay down,
She should no longer wait:
Withall he told the Vintner plain,
If he a tennant be;
He must expect to pay the same,
For he could not sit rent free.

But when her Money she had got,
She put it in her purse;
And clapt her Hand on the Cellar door,
And said it was never the worse:
Which caused the People all to Laugh,
To see this Vintner fine;
Out-witted by Country Girl,
About his Pipe of Wine.

The most famous Ballad of King Henry the 5th his
Victory over the French at Agencourt.



A Council grave our King did hold,
With many a Lord and Knight.
That he might truly understand,
That *France* did hold his Right.

Unto the King of *France* therefore,
Embassadors he sent;
That he might truly understand,
His Mind and whole Intent.

Desiring him in friendly sort,
His lawful Right to yield.
Or else he swore by dint of Sword,
To win it in the Field.

The King of *France* with all his Lords,
Did hear this Messag-plain;
And to our brave Embassador,
Did answer with Disdain.

And said our King was yet too young,
And of but ten'ter Age;
Therefore they pass not for his Threats,
Nor fear not his Courage.

His Knowledge yet in Feats of Arms,
As yet is very small;
His tender Joints more fitter are,
To toss a Tennis-ball.

A Tun of Tennis-balls therefore,
In Pride and great Disdain;
He sent unto this Royal King,
To recompence his Pain.

Which answer when our King did hear,
He waxed wrath in Heart;
And swore he would provide such Balls,
Should make all *France* to smart.

An Army then our King did hold,
Which was both good and strong;
And from *Southampton* is our King,
With all his Navy gone.

In *France* he landed safe and sound,
Both he and all his train;
And to the Town of *Husle* then,
He marched up again.

Which when he had besieged the Town,
Against the fenced Walls;
To batter down the stately Towers,
He sent his English Balls.

When this was done our King did March,
Then up and down the Land;
And not a French-man for his Life,
Durst once his force withstand.

Until he came to *Agencourt*,
Whereas it was his chance:
To find the King in readiness,
With all the Power of *France*.

A mighty Host he had prepared,
Of armed Soldiers then;
Which were no less by just Account,
Than Forty Thousand Men.

Which sight did much amaze our King,
For he and all his Host;
Nor passing Fifteen Thousand had,
Accounted with the most.

The King of *France* who well did know,
The Number of our Men;
In vaunting Pride and great Disdain,
Did send an Herald then:

To understand what he would give,
For Ransome of his Life;
When they in Field had taken him,
Amongst the bloody Strife.

And when our King with cheerful Heart,
This answer then did make;
Before that it does come to pass,
Some of your Hearts will ake.

And to your proud presumptuous King,
Declare this Thing, quoth he;
My own Hearts Blood will pay the Price,
Nought else he gets of me.

Then spake the noble Duke of *York*,
O noble King, quoth he;
The leading of this Battle brave,
It doth belong to me.

God-a-mercy Cozen *York*, he said,
I grant thee thy Request;
Then lead thou on Couragiously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging French-Men down,
With cruel Force and Might ;
With whom our Noble King began,
A Fierce and dreadful Fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
As thick as Hail from Sky ;
And many a French-Man in the Field,
That happy Day did die.

Their Horses tumbled on the Stakes,
And so their Lives they lost ;
And many a French-Man there was ta'en,
As Prisoners to their cost.

Ten Thousand Men that Day, was slain,
As Enemies in the Field ;
And eke as many Prisoners,
Were forc'd that Day to yield.

Thus had our King a happy Day,
And Victory over *France* ;
And brought them quickly under foot,
That late in Pride did *France*.

God save our King and bless this Land.
And grant to him likewise ;
The upper hand and Victory,
Of all his Enemies.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy: Or, the Step-Mother's Cruelty. To the foregoing Tune.

There was a Lord of worthy Fame,
And a Hunting he would ride;
Attended by a noble Train,
Of Gentry by his Side.

And whilst he did in Chace remain,
To see both Sport and play;
His Lady went as she did feign,
Unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter Fair,
Whose Beauty shi'd so bright:
She was belov'd both far and near,
Of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair *Isabella* was she call'd,
A Creature Fair was she:
She was her Father's only Joy,
As you shall after see.

But yet her Cruel Step-Mother,
Did envy her so much:
That Day by Day she sought her Life,
Her Malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master-Cock,
To take her Life away;
And taking of her Daughter's Book,
She thus to her did say.

Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray,
Go hasten presently;
And tell unto the Master-Cook,
These Words which I tell thee.

And bid him dress to dinner streight,
That fair and milk white Doe;
That in the Park dot! shine so bright,
There's none so fair to show.

This Lady fearing of no harm,
Obe'y'd her Mother's will;
And presently she hasted home,
Her Mind for to fulfill.

She streight into the Kitchen went,
Her message for to tell;
And there the Master-cook she spy'd,
Who did with Malice swell.

Now Master-Cook it must be so,
Do that which I thee tell;
You needs must dress the milk-white Doe,
Which you do know full well.

Then streight his cruel bloody Hands,
He on the Lady laid;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he said.

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
See here, behold my Knife;
For it is Pointed presently,
To rid thee of thy Life.

O then cry'd out the Scullion Boy,
As loud as loud might be;
O save her Life good Master-Cook,
And make your Pies of me:

For pity sake do not destroy,
My Lady with your Knife;
You know she is her Fathers Joy,
For Christ's sake save her Life.

I will not save her Life he said,
Nor make my Pies of thee;
Yet if thou dost this Deed betray,
Thy Butcher I will be.

Now when this Lord he did come home,
For to sit down to Eat
He called for his Daughter dear,
To come and carve his Meat.

Now sit you down his Lady said,
O sit you down to Meat:
Into some Nunnery she's gone,
Your Daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a Vow,
Before the Company:
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Untill he did her see.

O then bespoke the Scullion Boy,
With a loud Voice so high:
If that you will your Daughter see,
My Lord cut up that Pye.

Wherein her Flesh is minc'd small,
And parched with the Fire;
All caused by her Step-Mother,
Who did her Death desire,

And cursed be the Master-Cook,
O cursed may he be:
I proffer'd him my own Hearts Blood,
From death to set her free.

Then all in Black this Lord did mourn,
And for his Daughter's sake;
He judg'd for her Step-Mother,
To be burnt at a Stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Master-Cook,
 In boyling Lead to stand;
 He made the simple scullion Boy,
 The Heir to all his Land.

A Ballad in Praise of a certain Commander in the City.



A Hero of no small renown,
 But not'd for a Man of Mettle;
 'Thru' all the Parts of *London Town*,
 No Gentleman nor yet a Clown,
 No grave wise Man, nor stupid Beetle.

By many deeds of Prowess done,
 He's gain'd a noble Reputation;
 Perform'd by neither Sword nor Gun,
 But by what Means you'd know anon,
 And how he work'd his Preservation.

Well mounted on a noble Steed,
 With Sword and Pistol charg'd before him;

Altho' we must confess indeed,
Of either Arms there was no need,
His Conduct did alone secure him.

With's Wife upon a single Horse,
T'wards *Eppin* both rid out together ;
But what than ill Luck can be worse ?
A High-way-man of equal Force,
Alas, obstructed both their Pleasure.

With Pistol cock'd he made demand,
And told them he must have their Money ;
The Major wisely would not stand,
Nor on his Pistols clap a Hand,
He was not such a fighting Tony.

But spur'd away as swift as Wind,
No Elk or Tyger could run faster,
Was ever Man so stout and kind,
To leave his frighted Wife behind,
Expos'd to such a sad Disaster.

Her Necklace, Cloaths and Diamond Ring,
The greedy Robber quickly fell to,
One Petticoat he let her bring,
Away with Smock and t'other Thing,
To let her noble Hero smell to.

This Slight bred sad domestick Strife,
Altho' the Man's to be commended ;
For what's a loving handsome Wife,
To a Man's Money or his Life,
For all is lost when that is ended!

A SONG.



AS the Fryer he went along and a Poring in his Book,
At last he spy'd a Jolly brown Wench a washing
[of her Buck,

*Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer,
Some good Man and let this fair Maid go.*

The Fryer he pull'd out and a Jolly brown T—d as much
[as he could handle;
Fair Maid, quoth he, if thou carriest Fire in thy A—
[come light me this same Candle.

Sing, Stow the Fryer, &c.

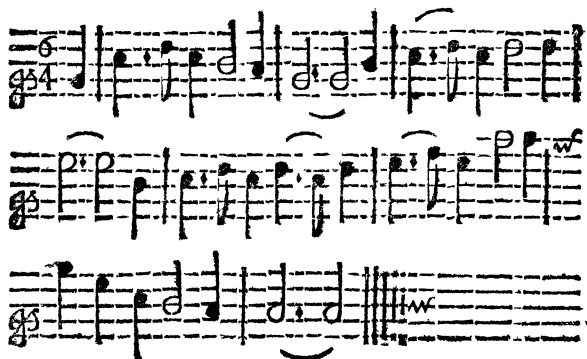
The Maid she sh-- and a jolly brown T— out of her jolly
[brown Hole,
Good Sir, quoth she, if you will a Candle light come
[blow me this same Cole.

Sing Stow the Fryer, &c.

Part of the Sparks flew into the North and part into the
[South,
And part of this jolly brown T— flew into the Fryer's
[Mouth,

*Sing, Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer,
Some good Man and let this fair Maid go.*

The Lads of Lyn's sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss
of her Maiden-Head.



I Am a young Lads of Lyn,
Who often said thank you too;
My Belly's now almost to my Chin,
I cannot tell what to do.

My being so free and kind,
Do's make my Heart to rue,
The sad Effects of this I find,
And cannot tell what to do.

My Petticoats which I wore,
And likewise my Aprons too;
Alas, they are all too short before,
I cannot, &c.

Was ever young Maid so croft,
As I who thank'd him too,
For why; my Maiden-head is lost,
I cannot, &c.

In sorrowful sort I cry'd,
 An' say Low for ever rue;
 The Pain lies in my Back and Side,
I cannot, &c.

Alas I was kind and mild,
 But now the same I rue,
 Having no Father for my Child,
I cannot, &c.

I took but a Touch in jest;
 Believe me this is true:
 Yet I have proved I protest,
And cannot, &c.

He crav'd my Virginity,
 And gave me his own in lieu;
 In this I find I was too kind,
And cannot, &c.

Eac'h Damsel will me degrade,
 And so will the young Men too;
 I'm neither Widow, Wife nor Maid,
I cannot, &c.

A Cradle I must provide,
 A Chair and a Possnet too:
 Nay likewise twenty Things beside,
I cannot, &c.

When I was a Maiden fair,
 Such Sorrows I never knew,
 But now my Heart is full of Care,
I cannot, &c.

Oh what will become of me,
 My Bell's as big as two:
 'Tis with a Two-leg'd Tynpany,
I cannot, &c.

You Lasses that hear my Moan,
If you will your Joys renew;
Besure, while Married, lye alone,
Or else you at length may rue.

I came of as good a Race,
As most is in *Lyn's* fair Town;
And cost a great deal bringing up;
But a little Thing laid me down.

The Jovial Tinker.



THere was a jovial Tinker,
W ich was a good Ale drinker,
He never was a Shrinker,
Believe me this is true ;

And he came from the wild of *Kent*,
 When all his Money was gone and spent,
 Which made him look like a *Jack-a-Lent*;

And Joan's Ale is new,

And Joan's Ale is new Boys,

And Joans's Ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle,

Most like a Man of Mettle,

And vow'd to pawn his Kettle,

Now mark what did ensue:

His Neighbours they flock in apace,

To see Tom Tinker's comely Face,

Where they drank soundly for a space,

Whilst Joan's Ale. &c.

The Cocker and the Broom, Man,

Came next into the Room Man,

And said they would drink for boon man,

Let each one take his due:

But when good Liquor they had found,

They cast their Caps upon the Ground,

And so the Tinker he drank round,

Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

The Rag-man being weary,

With the Burden he did carry,

He swore he would be merry,

And spend a Shilling or two:

And he told his Hostess to her Face,

The Chimney-corner was his Place,

And he began to drink apace.

And Joan's Ale, &c.

The Pedler he drew nigher,

For it was his Desire,

To throw the Rags i'th' Fire,

And burn the bundle Blew,

Whilst they drank whole Flashes,

And

And threw about the Glasses,
The Rags were burnt to Ashes,
And Joan's Ale, &c.

The Second P A R T.

AND then came in a Hatter,
To see what was the matter,
He scorn'd to drink cold Water,
Amongst that Jovial Crew;
And like a Man of Courage stout,
He took the Quart-Pot by the Snout,
And never left till all was out,
O Joan's Ale, &c.

The Taylor being nimble,
With Bodkin, Shears and Thimble,
He did no whit dissemble,
I think his Name was True:
He said that he was like to choak,
And he call'd so fast for Lap and Smoak,
Untill he had pawn'd the Vinegar Cloak,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

Then came a pitiful Porter,
Which often did resort there,
Quoth he, I'll shew some sport here,
Amongst this Jovial Crew:
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten a Clock,
The Fool got Drunk and lost his Frock,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

The bonny brave Shoo-maker,
A brave Tobacco-taker,
He scorn'd to be a Quaker,
I think his Name was Hugh:
He call'd for Liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his Awl and Last;

And up the Reckoning he did cast,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

And then came in the Weaver,
 You never saw a braver,
 With a Silk Man and a Glover,
Tom Tinker for to view :

And so to welcome him to Town,
 They every Man spent half a Crown,
 And so the Drink went merrily down,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

Then came a drunken Dutch-Man,
 And he would have a touch Man,
 But he soon took too much Man,
 Which made them after rue :
 He drank so long as I suppose,
 'Till greasie Drops fell from his Nose,
 And like a Beast befoul'd his Hose,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

A Welch-Man he came next Sir,
 With Joy and Sorrow mixt Sir,
 Who being partly vex'd Sir,
 He out his Dragger drew ;
 Cuts-plutter-a-nails, quoth Taffie then,
 A Welch-man is a Shentleman,
 Come Hostels fill's the other Can,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

Thus like to Men of Courage stout,
 Courageously they drank about,
 Till such time all the Ale was out,
 As I may tell to you ;
 And when the Business was done, —
 They every Man departed home,
 And promis'd *Joan* again to come,
When she had Brew'd anew.

Advice to the Ladies:



Ladies of *London*, both Wealthy and Fair,
 Whom ev'ry Town Fop is pursuing;
 Still of your Purfes and Perions take care,
 The greateſt Deceit lies in Wroing;
 From the firſt Rank of *Beaux Eſprits*,
 Their Vices therefore I diſcover;
 Down to the baſeſt Mechanick Degree,
 That ſo you may chuſe out a Lover.

Fiſt for the Courtier, look to his Eſtate,
 B. fore he too far be proceeding;
 He of Court Favours and Places will prate,
 And ſettlements make of his Breeding;
 Nor wear the Yoak with dull Country Souls,
 Who though they are fat in their Purſes;
 Bruſh with Briſtles and Topping full Bowls,
 Make Love to their Dogs and their Horſes.

But

But above all the rank Citizens hate,
 The Court, or the Country choose rather ;
 Who'd have a Block-head that gets an Estate,
 By Sins of the Cuckold his Father :
 The sneaking Clown all intriguing does Murr,
 Like Apprentices Huffing and Ranting ;
 Cit puts his Sword on without *Temple-Bar*,
 To go to *White-Hall* a Gallanting.

Let no spruce Officer keep you in aw,
 The Sword is a thing Transitory ;
 Nor be blown up with the Lungs of the Law,
 A World have been cheated before you :
 Soon you will find your Captain grow Bold,
 And then 'twill be hard to o'ercome him ;
 And if the Lawyer touch your Copy-hold,
 The Devil will ne'er get it from him.

Fly, like the Plague, the rough Tarpawling Boys,
 That Court you with lying Bravadoes ;
 Tying your Senses with Bombast and Noise,
 And Stories brought from the *Barbadoes* :
 And ever shun the Doctor that Fool,
 Who seeking to mend your Condition ;
 Tickles your Pulse, and peeps in your Close-stool,
 Then sets up a famous Physician.

The Wanton Virgins Frighted. To the foregoing Tune.

YOU that delight in a jocular Song,
 Come listen unto me a while, Sir ;
 I will engage you shall not tarry long,
 Before it will make you to Smile, Sir :
 Near to the Town there liv'd an old Man,
 Had three pretty Maids to his Daughters ;
 Of whom I will tell such a Story anon,
 Will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The

The old Man had in his Garden a Pond;
'Twas in very fine Summer Weather;
The Daughters one Night they were all very fond,
To go and Bath in it together:
Which they agreed but happen'd to be,
O'er-heard by a Youth in the House. Sir;
Who got in the Garden and clim'd up a Tree,
And there sat as still as a Mouse, Sir.

[The Branch where he sat it hung over the Pond,
At each puff of Wind he did totter;
Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should sit abscond,
And see them go into the Water:
When the Old Man was safe in his Bed,
The Daughters then to the Pond went Sir;
One to the other two laughing she said,
As high as our Bubbles we'll venture:

Upon the tender green Grass they sat down,
They all were of delicate feature;
Each pluck'd off her Petticoat, Smock, and Gown,
No sight it could ever be sweeter;
Into the Pond then dabling they went,
So clean that they needed no Washing;
But they were all so unluckily bent,
Like Boys they began to be dashing.

If any body should see, us says one,
They'd think we were boding of Evils;
And from the Sight of us quickly would run,
And avoid so many white Devils:
This put the Youth in a merry Pin,
He let go his Hold thro' his Laughter!
And as it fell out, it fell tumbling in,
And scar'd them all out of the Water.

The Old Man by this time a Noise had heard,
And rose out of Bed in a Fright, Sir;

And

And comes to the Door with a rusty old Sword,
 There stood in a Posture to fight Sir;
 The Daughters they all came tumbling in,
 And over their Dad they did blunder;
 Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy, good Gentlemen,
 And thought they were Thieves came to plunder.

The Noise by this time the Neighbours had heard,
 Who came with long Clubs to assist him;
 He told them three bloody Rogues run up Stairs,
 He dar'd by no means to resist them:
 For they were cloathed all in their Buff,
 He see as they shov'd in their Shoulders;
 And black Bandileers hung before like a ruff,
 Which made them believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,
 And Keys on their Trunks in their Pockets;
 To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,
 Their Chest they could not unlock it:
 At last ventur'd up these valiant Men,
 Thus armed with Courage undaunted,
 But took them for Spirits and run back again,
 And swore that the House it was haunted.

As they retreated the young Man they met,
 Come shiverring in at the Door Sir;
 Who look'd like a Rat with his Cloaths dropping wet,
 No Rogue that was Pumpin could look worser:
 All were amazed to see him come in,
 And ask'd of him what was the Matter?
 He told them the Story and where he had been,
 Which set them all in a Laughter.

Quoth the old Daddy, I was in a buff,
 And reckon'd to cut them assunder;
 Thinking they had been three Soldiers in Buff,
 That came here to rifle and plunder,

But

But they are my Daughters whom I loved,
All frighted from private Diversion,
Therefore I'll put up my old trusty Sword,
For why should I be in a Passion.

The Soldiers Fortune, or the taking of Mardike.



When first *Mardike* was made a Prey,
'Twas Courage that carry'd the Fort away,
Then do not lose your Valours Prize,
By gazing on your Mistress's Eyes;

But

But put off your Petticoat-parley,
 Potting, and Sotting, and Laughing, and Quaffing Canary,
 Will make a good Soldier misarry?

And never travel for true Renown :

Then turn to your Martial Mistress,
 Fair *Minerva* the Soldier's Sister is ;
 Rallying, & sallying, with gnashing & flashing of Wounds;
 With turning and burning of Towns, Sir, (Sir,
 Is a high Step to a great Mans Throne.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
 And his Tun shall overflow the Town;
 And give the Cocker Sword and Fate;
 And a Tinker may trap the State;
 Such fortunate Foes as these be,
 Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Nesby*:
 Father and Mother, Sister and Brother confounded,
 And many a good Family wounded;
 By a terrible turn of Fate,
 He that can kill a Man, Thunder and Plunder the Town,
 And pull his Enemies down, Sir, (Sir,
 In time may be an Officer great.

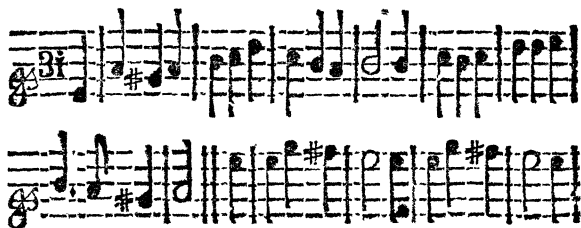
It is the Sword does order all,
 Makes Peasant rise and Princes fall;
 All Syllogisms in vain are spilt,
 No Logick like a Basket-bilt:
 It handles them joint by joint, Sir,
 Quilling, and drilling, and spilling, and killing profoundly,
 Untill the Disputers on Ground lie,
 And have never a Word to say; (Carter,
 Unless it be quarter, quarter, truth is confuted by a
 Bystripping, & ripping, and ripping, and quipping Evaluations,
 Doth Conquer a power of Perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the Day.

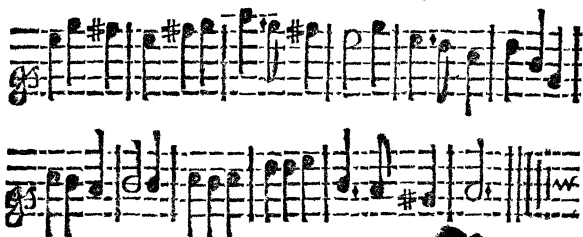
The Musquet bears so great a Force,
 No Learning it has no Remorse;

The Priest, the Layman, or the Lord,
Find no distinction from the Sword;
Tan tarra, Tan tarra the Trumpet,
Now the Walls begin to crack,
The Counsellors struck dum too.
By the Parchment upon the Drum too:
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub an Alarum,
Each Corporal now can out dare 'em,
Learned Littleton goes to rack.

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,
We'll leave our Wenches and our Wine,
And follow Mars where e'er he runs,
And turn our Pots and Pipes to Guns,
The Bottles shall be Granadoes,
We'll bounce about the Bravado's, (French Boys,
By huffing and puffing, and snuffing and cuffing the
Whose Brows have been dy'd in a Trench Boys;
Well got Fame is a Warriours Wife,
The Drawer shall be the Drummer.
We'll be Colonels all next Summer: (brave Boys,
By hilding and tilting, and pointing and jointing like
We shall have Gold or a Grave, Boys,
And there's an end of a Soldier's Life.

The Missies Complaint. The Tune, Packington's Pound.





How now Sister *Bettieris* why look you so sad,
Gillian. The Times are so hard and our Trading so bad,
 That we in our Function no Mony can gain,
 Our Pride and Bravery forto maintain.

Bett. True Sister *Gillian* I know it full well,
 But what will you say if such News I do tell?
 And how't will rejoyce you I'll make it out plain,
 Will make our Trade quick and more Mony will gain.

There's none of the pitiful Tribe we'll be for,
 And six penny Customers we will bhor;
 For all those that will our Dominions Invade,
 Must pay for their Sauce we must live by our Trade.

Gil. Good Sister if you can make this but appear,
 My Spirit and Senses you greatly will Chear,
 But a Famine of Flesh will bring all thngs to pass,
 Or else we are as bad still as ever we was.

Bett Lately a Counsel of Bards there did meet,
 In *Cock and Pye Alley*, near *Dio-little Street*:
 And who was the Counsel and what was there done;
 I'll make it out to you as clear as the Sun.

From *Ratcliff high-way*, and from *Nightingale-lane*,
 Their Deputies come with a very fine Train:
 Unto these two Couple, came long sided *Suz*,
 Is as good as c'er Twang'd if you give her her due.

Then

Then *Tower-Ditch* & *Hatton Wall*, sent in their Prayers,
And drest as complearly as Horses to Fairs;
With them Jumping *Fenny* appear'd as 'tis said,
Who ne'er in her Life of a Man was afraid.

The two *Metropolitans* came from the Park,
As arch at the Game, as e'er plaid in the Dark;
Then *Luteners-Jane* a gay Couple did bring,
Two better I think, was ne'er stretch'd in hemp string.

There was many others from Places remote,
The which were too tedious for me here to note;
And what was their Business I here will declare,
How to keep our Trade in repute they take care.

And first for those Ladies that walk in the Night,
Their Aprons and Handkerchiefs they should be White;
And that they do walk more in Town than in Fields,
For that is the Place most variety yeilds.

And those that are over much worn by their Trade,
Shall go in a Vessel their Passage being paid;
The Venture of Cuckolds 'tis called by Name,
And this is the Way for to keep up our Fame,

And this is the Ship, which the Cuckolds have brought.
It lies at their Haven. and is to be Frought:
And thither Whores Rampant, that please may repair,
With Master and Captain to truck for their Ware.

And for a supply that our Trade may increase,
For wanton Comodity it will grow less;
We'll visit the Carriers, and take them up there,
And then for their Tutoring we will take care.

In this we shall ease all the Countries to do't,
And do our selves Pleasure and Profit to boot;
For one that is Crack'd in the Country before,
In *London* will make a speck and span Whore.

There's many more Precepts which they did advise,
 But these which I'll give you here shall suffice:
 And when you have heard them, I think you will say,
 We ne'er were more likely to thrive in our way.

*Some Orders agreed upon at a General Consultation
 of the Sisterhood of Nightingale-lane, Rat-
 cliff-high-way, Tower-Ditch, Rosemary lane,
 Hatton-wall, Safforn-hill, Westones-Park,
 Lutens-lane, and other Places adjacent, for
 the general Encouragement and Advancement of
 their Occupation.*

- 1 **T**hat no Night-walker presume to go without a White Apron, and Handkerchief the better to be seen.
- 2 To keep due time and hours for fear of the Constable and his Watch.
- 3 That those which are over-worn, Cast and Casheir'd, do repair to the Ship called (the Cuckolds venture) now riding at Cuckolds Haven, thence to be transported over-Sea to have their Breaches repaired
- 4 That a due care be taken to visit the Carriers, for cracked Maidenheads, for the use and the increase of our Occupation.
- 5 That all honest Women belonging to either Wittals or Cuckolds, be admitted to the principal Places in this Ship.
- 6 And lastly, for the better State and Magnificence of the Honourable Corporation of W—rs, 'tis ordered that a Chariot be made, to be drawn by Cuckolds, the Cuckold-makers to drive, and the Wittals to Ride.

*The well approved Doctor: Or, An Infallible Cure
for Cuckolds. To the foregoing Tune.*

THere is a fine Doctor now come to Town,
Whose practice in Physick hath gain'd him Renown,
In-curing of Cuckolds he hath the best Skill,
By giving one Dose of his approved Pill.

His Skill is well known and his Practice is great,
Then come to the Doctor before 'tis too late:
His Med'cines are safe, and the Doctor is sure,
He takes none in Hand but he perfects the Cure.

The Doctor himself he doth freely unfold,
That he can cure Cuckolds tho' never so old;
He helps this Distemper in all sorts of Men,
At Forty and Fifty, yea Threescore and Ten.

There was an old Man lived near to the Strand,
Decrepid and Feeble, scarce able to stand;
Who had been a Cuckold full forty long Years,
But hearing of this how he prick'd up his Ears.

Away to the Doctor he went with all speed,
Where he struck a Bargain they soon were agreed,
He cured his Forehear that nothing was seen,
And now he's as brisk as a Youth of fifteen,

Now this being known, how his Fame it did ring,
And unto the Doctor much traſſing did bring;
They came to the Doctor out of e'ery Shire,
From all Parts and Places, yea both far and near.

Both Dutch-men and Scotch-men to London did ride,
With Shonny-ap-Morgan, and Thousands beside;
Thus all sorts and sizes, both Rich Men and Poor,
They came in whole Cart loads to this Doctor's Door.

Some whining, some weeping, some careful and sad,
 And some was contented, and others Born mad;
 Some crooked, some freight Horns, and some over grown,
 The like in all Ages I think was ne'er known.

Some rich and brave flourishing Cuckolds was there,
 That came in whole Drovers, Sir, as if to *Horn-Fair*;
 For now there is hopes to be cur'd of their grief,
 The Doctor declares in the Fall of the Leaf.

Let none be so foolish as now to neglect,
 This Doctors great Kindness and civil Respect;
 Though Rich Men may pay yet the Poor shall go free,
 So kind and so courteous a Doctor is he.

'Tis known he so worthy a Conscience doth make,
 Poor Cuckolds he'll cure them for Charity sake;
 May farther than this still his love does enlarge,
 Providing for them at his own cost and charge.

But some are so wicked that they will exclaim,
 Against their poor Wives making 'em bear the Blame;
 And will not look out in the least for a Cure,
 But all their sad Pains and their Tortures endure.

But 'tis without Reason, for he that is born,
 Under such a Planet, is Heir to the Horn:
 Then come to the Doctor both Rich Men and Poor,
 He'll carefully cure you, what would you have more?

The Term of his Time here the Doctor does write,
 From Six in the Morning till Seven at Night;
 Where in his own Chamber he still will remain,
 At the sign of the *Woodcock in Vinegar lane*.

The Doctor doth here likewise present you with the Receipt of his Infalible Medicine, that those which have no occasion for it themselves, may do good to their Neighbours and Acquaintances: And take it here as followeth.

TAKE five Pound of Brains of your *December Flies*,
And forty true Tears from a *Grocodile's Eyes*,
The Wit of a *Weasel*, the Wool of a *Frog*,
With an Ounce of Conserve of *Micahmas Fog*,

And make him a Poultis when he goes to Bed,
To bind to his Temples behind of his Head,
As hot as the Patient he well can endure,
And this is for Cuckolds an absolute Cure.

A S O N G.

GOOD Neighbour why do you look awry,
You are a wondrous Stranger;
You walk about, you huff and pout,
as if you'd burst with anger:
Is it for that your Fortune's great,
or you so wealthy are?
Or live so high there's none a-nigh
that can with you compare?
But t'other Day I heard one say,
your Husband durst not show his Ears,
But like a Lout does walk about,
so full of sighs and fears:
Good Mrs. *Tart* I caren't a Fart,
for you nor all your jears.
My Husband's known for to be one,
that is most Chaste and pure,

And so would be continually.

but for such Jades as you are :

You Wash, you Lick, you Smug, you Trick,
you toils a twire agrin,

You Nod and Wink, and in his Drink,
you strive to draw him in :

You Lye, you Punk, you're always Drunk,
and now you Scold and make a Strife,

And like a Whore you run o'th' Score,
and lead him a weary Life ;

Tell me so again you dirty Quean,
and I'll pull you by the Quoif.

Go dress those Brats, those nasty Rats,
that have a lear so drowzy ;

With Vermine spread they look like dead,
good Faith they're always lowzy ;

Pray hold you there and do not swear,
you are not half so sweet :

You feed yours up with bit and sup,
and give them a dirty Teat :

My Girls, my Boys, my only Joys,
are better fed and taught than yours,

You lie you Flirt you look like Dirt,
and i'll kick you out of Doors :

A very good Jest pray do your best,
and a Faith i'll quit your Scores.

Go, go you are a nasty Bear,
your Husband cannot bear it :

A nasty Quean as e'er was seen,
your Neighbours all can swear it :

A fullsome Trot and good for naught,
unless it be to chat :

You stole a Spoon out of the Room :
last Christning you were at :

You lie you Bitch you've got the Itch,
your Neighbours know you are not sound,

Look how you Claw with your nasty Paw,
and I'll fell you to the Ground.

You've tore my Hood you shall make it good,
If it cost me Forty Pound.

The Jovial Cobler of St. Hellens. Tune of, Mill goes Clack.



I Am a jovial Cobler bold and brave,
And as for Employment enough I have:
For to keep jogging my Hammer and Awl,
Whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in my Stall.
Stall, Stall, whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in my Stall.

But there's *Dick* the Carman, and *Hodge* who drives the
For Sixteen, or Eighteen Pence a Day, (Dray
Slave in the Dirt, whilst I with my Awl,
Get more Money, sitting, sitting in my Stall, &c,

And there's *Tom* the Porter, Companion of the Pot,
Who stands in the Street with his Rope and Knot,
Waiting at a Corner to hear who will him call,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the jolly Broom Man his Bread for to get,
 Crys Brooms up and down in the open Street,
 And one crys broken Glasse tho' ne'er so small,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's another gang of poor smutty Souls,
 Doth trudge up and down to cry small Coles:
 With a Sack on their Back, at a Door stand and call,
Whilst I am sitting, getting Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's another sort of Notes,
 Who crys up and down old Suits and Coats:
 And perhaps some Days get nothing at all,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the jolly Cooper with his Hoops at his Back,
 Who trudgeth up and down to see who lack
 Their Casks to be made tite with Hoops great and small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a Jolly Tinker who loves a bonny Lase,
 Who trudges up and down to mend old Brasse
 With his long smutty Punch to force holes withal,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is another old Tom Terrah,
 Who up and down the City drives his Barrow:
 To sell his Fruit both great and small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is the Blind and Lame, with a wooden Leg,
 Who up and down the City they forced are to beg:
 Some Crumbs of Comfort the which are but small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a gang of Wenches who Oyfters sell,
 And Powder Moll with her sweet smell:
 She trudges up and down with Powder and Ball,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

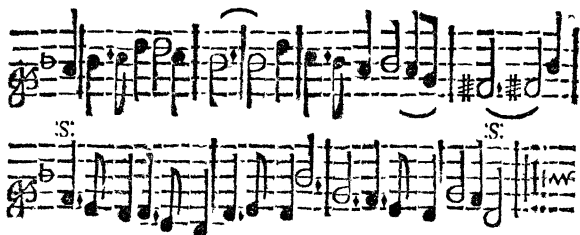
And

'And there's the jovial Girls with their Milking-Pails,
Who trudge up and down with their Draggie-tails:
Flip flapping at their Heels, for Custom they call,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

'Tis these are the Gang who take great Pain,
And it is those who do me maintain;
But when it blows and Rains I do pity them all,
To see them trudge about while I am in my Stall, &c.

'And there's many more who slave and toil,
Their living to get but it is not worth while,
To mention them so I'll sing in my Stall,
*I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all,
All, all, I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all.*

The Merchant and the Fiddlers Wife. To a Pleasant Northern Tune.



IT was rich Merchant Man,
That had both Ship and all;
And he would cross the salt Seas,
though his cunning it was but small,

The Fidler and his Wife,
they being nigh at hand;
Would needs go sail along with him,
from *Dover* unto *Scotland*.

The Fidlers Wife look'd brisk,
Which made the Merchant smile;
He made no doubt to bring it about,
the Fidler to beguile.

Is this thy Wife the Merchant said,
she looks like an honest Spouse;
Ay that she is, the Fidler said,
that ever trod on Shoes.

Thy Confidence is very great,
the Merchant then did say;
If thou a Wager darest to bet,
I'll tell thee what I will lay.

I'll lay my Ship against thy Fiddle,
and all my venture too:
So *Peggy* may gang along with me,
my Cabin for to View.

If she continue one Hour with me,
thy true and constant Wife,
Then shalt thou have my Ship and be,
a Merchant all thy Life.

The Fidler was content,
He Danc'd and Leap'd for joy:
And twang'd his Fiddle in merriment,
For *Peggy* he thought was coy.

Then *Peggy* she went along,
his Cabin for to View;
And after her the Merchant Man,
did follow we found it true.

When they were once together,
the Fidler was afraid:
For he crept near in pious fear,
and thus to *Peggy* he said,

Hold out, sweet *Peggy* hold out
for the space of two half Hours;
If thou hold out I make no doubt,
but the Ship and Goods are ours.

In troth, sweet *Robin*, I cannot,
he hath got me about the Middle;
He's lusty and strong and hath laid me along,
O *Robin* thou'st lost thy Fiddle.

If I have lost my Fiddle,
then am I a Man undone;
My Fiddle whereon I so often plaid,
away I needs must run.

O stay the Merchant said,
and thou shalt keep thy place;
And thou shalt have thy Fiddle again,
but *Peggy* shall carry the Case.

Poor *Robin* hearing that,
he look'd with a Merry-cheer:
His Wife she was pleas'd and the Merchant was eas'd,
and jolly and brisk they were.

The Fidler he was mad,
but valu'd it not a Fig
Then *Peggy* unto her Husband said,
kind *Robbin* play us a Jigg.

Then he took up his Fiddle,
and merrily he did play;
The *Scottish Jigg* and the *Horn. Pipe*,
and eke the *Irish Hey*.

It was but in vain to grieve,
the Deed it was done and past;
Poor *Robin* was born to carry the Horn,
For *Peggy* could not be chaste.

Then Fiddlers all beware,
 your Wives are kind you see;
 And he that made for the Fiddling Trade,
 Must never a Merchant be.

For *Peggy* she knew right well,
 although she was but a Woman;
 That Gamesters, Drink, and Fiddlers Wives,
 They are ever Free and Common.

The Unconstant Woman. To a New Tune.



D ID you not hear of a gallant Sailor,
 whose Pockets they were lin'd with Gold;
 He fell in Love with a pretty Creature,
 as I to you the Truth unfold:
 With a kind Salute, and without Dispute,
 he thought to gain her for his own,
 Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man;
 she has gone and left me all alone.

Don't you remember my pretty *Peggy*,
 the Oaths and Vows which you made to me;
 All in the Chamber we was together,
 that you would ne'er unconstant be:
 But you prove strange Love and from me range,
 and leave me here to Sigh and Moan?

Unconstant Woman is true to no Man,
she's gone and left me all alone.

As I have Gold you shall have Treasure,
or any dainty kind of thing;
Thou may'st command all Delight and Pleasure,
and what you'd have, Love, I would you bring:
But you prove shie and at last deny,
him that admires you alone;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
she's left me here to make my moan.

When first I saw your charming Beauty,
I stood like one in all amaze:
I study'd only how to pay Duty,
and could not speak but only gaze:
At last, said I, fair Maid comply,
and ease a wretched Lover's Moan;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
she's gone and left me here alone.

I made her Presents of Rings and Jewels,
with Diamond Stones I gave her too:
he took them kindly and call'd me Jewel,
and said her Love to me was true;
But in the end she prov'd unkind,
when I thought she had been my own:
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
she's gone and left me here alone.

For three Months time we saw each other,
and she oft said she'd be my Wife;
I had her Father's Consent and Mother,
I thought to have liv'd a happy Life:
She'd laugh and toy both Night and Day,
but at length she chang'd her Tone:
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
she's left me now to make my Moan.

Many a time we have walk'd together,
 both hand in hand to an Arbour green ;
 Where Tales of Love in sun-shiny Weather,
 we did discourse and were not seen :
 With a kind Salute we did Dispute,
 while we together was alone :
 Unconstant Woman she's true to no Man,
 she's gone and left me here alone.

Since *Peggy* has my kindness slighted,
 I'll never trust a Woman more ;
 'Twas in her alone I e'er delighted,
 but sincee she's false I'll leave the Shoar :
 In Ship I'll enter, on Seas I'll venture,
 and sail the World where I'm not known :
 Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 she's gone and left me here alone.

Sorrow banish'd in a Mug. The Words by Sir Edward Morgan.





IF Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,
 haul out the soul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug,
 Let nought of tomorrow disturb thy rest,
 but dash out his Brains with a Mug, a Mug.
 If Business unluckily goes not well,
 let the fond Fools their Affections hug,
 To shew our Allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
 and banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

If thy Wife proves not one of the best, the best,
 but admits no time but to think, to think;
 Or the weight of thy Forehead bow down thy Crest,
 divert the dull *Damon* with drink, with drink,
 If Miss prove peevish and will not gee,
 ne'er Pine, ne'er Pine at the wanton Pug,
 But find out a Fairer a Kinder than she,
 and banish Dispair in a Mug, a Mug.

If dear Affignation be crost, be crost,
 and Mistress go home in a rage, a rage;
 Let not thy poor Heart like a Ship be tost,
 but with a brisk Brimmer engage, engage:
 What if the fine Fop and the Mask fall out,
 and the one Hug, and t'other Tug,
 While they piss and fie we will frolick in Stout,
 and banish all Care in a Mug, a Mug.

If toying young *Damon* by *Sylvia's* Charms,
 at length should look pale and perplexed be:

To cure the Distemper and ease those harms,
 go freight to the Globe and ask Number three:
 There Beauties like *Venus* thou canst not lack,
 be kind to them they will sweetly hug;
 [There's choice of the Fairest, the Brown or the Black,
 then banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

Let then no Misfortune e'er make thee dull,
 but drink away Care in a Jug, a Jug:
 [Then let not thy Tide steal away, but pull,
 Carouse away though in a Mug, a Mug:
 While others for Greatness and Fortunes doom,
 while they for their Ambition tug;
 -We'll sit close and snug in a Sea coal Room,
 and banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

Let Zealots o'er Coffee new Plots devise,
 and lace with fresh Treason the Pagan drug,
 Whilst our Loyal Blood flows our Veins shall shine,
 like our Faces inspir'd with a Mug, a Mug.
 Let Sectaries dream of Alarms, Alarms,
 and Fools still for new changes tug;
 While fam'd for our Loyalty we'll stand to our Arms,
 and drink the King's Health in a Mug, a Mug.

Come then to the Queen let the next Advance,
 and all Loyal Lads of true English Race;
 Who hate the stum Poyson of *Spain* and *France*,
 or to *Bourdeaux* or *Burgundy* do give place:
 [The Flask and the Bottle breeds Ach and Gout,
 whilst we, we all the Season lie Snug;
 Neither Spaniard nor Flemming, can vie with our Stout,
 and shall submit to the Mug, the Mug.

The Good-Fellow. The Words by Mr. Alz. Brome.



STay, stay, shut the Gates,
 T'other quart, faith, it is not so late,
 As you're thinking,
 Those Stars which you see,
 In this Hemisphere be,
 But the studs in your Cheeks by your Drinking,
 The Sun is gone to Tiple all Night in the Sea Boys,
 To Morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we Boys,
 Drink Wine give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us jee Boys.

Fill, fill up the Glas,
 To the next merry lad let it pass,
 Come away with't :

Come

Come set Foot to Foot.

And but give our min's to't;

'Tis heretical Six that dorch slay Wit,
No Helicon lik to the Juice of the Vine is,
For *Phæbus* had never had Wit, or Divineness,
Had his Face not been bow dy'd as thine, his, and mine is,

Drink, drink off your Bawls,
We'll enough both our Heads and our Souls
With Canary.

A Carbuncled Face,

Says a tedious Race,

For the *Indies* about us we carry.

Then hang up good Faces, we'll drink till our Noses,
Give freedom to speak what our Fancy disposes;
eneath whose protection is under the Roses.

This, this must go round,
Off your Hats, till that the Pavement be Crown'd
With your Beavers

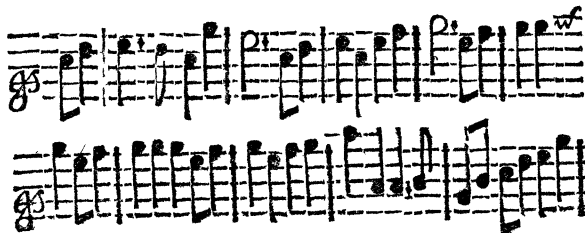
A Red-coated Face

Frights a Seargeant at Mace,

And the Constable trembles to shivers.

In state march our Faces like those of the *Quorum*,
When the Wenches fall down and the Vulgar adore 'em,
And our Noses like Link Boys, run shining before 'em.

The Nymphs Holiday. The Tune of the Nightingale.



Good Honest Trooper take warning by Donald Cooper.
To the Tune of Daniel Cooper.



A Bonny Lad came to the Court,
 His Name was *Donald Cooper*;
 And he petition'd to the King,
 That he might be a Trooper:
 He said that he,
 By Land and Sea,
 Had fought to Admiration;
 And with Montrofs,
 Had many blows,
 Both for his King and Nation.

The King did his Petition grant,
 And said he lik'd him dearly;
 Which gave to *Donald* more content,
 Than Twenty Shillings yearly:
 This wily Leard,
 Rode in the Guard,
 And lov'd a strong Beer Barrel,

Yet stout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not given to Quarrel.

Till on a Srturday at Night,
He walked in the Park Sir;
And there he ken'd a well fair Lafs,
When it was a'moft dark, Sir :
Poor *Donald* he,
Drew near to see,
And kist her bonny Mow, Sir ;
He laid her flat
Upon her Back,
And bang'd her fide Weam too, Sir.

He took her by the Lilly White Hand,
And kifs'd his bonny *Mary* ;
Then they did to the Tavern go,
Where they did drink Canary :
Wher he was Drunk,
In came a Punk,
And ask'd gan he would Mow her ;
Then he again,
With Might and Main,
Did bravely lay her o'er, Sir.

Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail, Sir.
But little ken'd this bonny Lafs,
Had Fire about her Tail, Sir :
When Night was spent,
Then Home he went,
And told it with a Hark, Sir ;
How he did Kus,
A dainty Mif,
And lifted up the Sark, Sir.

But e'er a Month had gone about,
Poor *Donald* walked sadly ;

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Pills to Purge Melancholy.

And every yeane enquir'd of him,
What gar'd him leuk so badly?
A Wench, quoth he,
Gave Snuff to me,
Out of her Placket box Sir;
And I am sure,
She prov'd a Whore,
And given to me the Pox Sir.

Poor *Donald* he being almost dead,
Was turn'd out of the Guard Sir,
And never coul' ger in again,
Although he was a Leard Sir:
When *Mars* doth meet,
With *Venus* sweet,
And struggles to surrender,
The Triumph's lost,
Then never trust,
A Feminine Commander.

Poor *Donald* he went home again,
Because he lost his place Sir,
For playing of a Game at Whisk,
And turning up an Ace Sir,
Ye Soldiers all,
Both great and small,
A Foot-man or a Trooper,
When you behold,
A Wench that's bold,
Remember *Donald Cooper*.

A Song made by Mr. Tho. D'Urfey upon a new
Country Dance at Richmond. Call'd, Mr.
Lane's Maggot.



STrike up drowfie Gut-scrapers ;
Gallants be ready,
Each with his Lady ;
Foot it about,
Till the night be run out :
Let no ones Humours pall :
Brisk Lads now cut your Capers :
Put your Legs to'r,
And shew you can do't ;
Frisk, frisk it away,
Till break of Day,
Ad hey for *Richmond Ball* !
Fortune-biters,
Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods,
And stale City Goods ;

Ye Cherubins,
And Seraphins,
Ye Caravans,
And Haradans,

In Order all Advance:

Tristram Loobies,
Thimoth Boobies,
Wits of the Town,
And Beaux that have none;
Ye Jobites as sharp as Pins,
Ye Monfieurs, and ye Sooterkins:

I'll teach you all the Dance.

*The D A N C E.**

Cast off *Tom* behind *Johnny*,

Do the same *Nanny*,

Eyes are upon ye;

Trip it between,

Little *Duley* and *Jean*,

And set in the second Row:

Then, cast back you must too,

And up the first Row:

Nimbly thrust through:

Then, then turn about,

To the left or you're out,

And meet with your Love below.

Pass then Cross,

Then *Jack's* pretty Lais,

Then turn her about, about and about;

And *Jack*, if you can do so too,

With *Betty* whilst the time is true,

We'll all your Ear commend:

All there's more,

To lead all four;

Two by *Nancy* stand,

And give her your Hand,

Then cast quickly down below,

And meet in the second Row:

The Dance at an end.

The

The Fowal Drinker.



A Pox on those Fools, who exclaim against Wine,
and fly the dear Sweets that the Bottle doth bring,
It heightens the Fancy the Wit does refine,
and he that was first Drunk was made the first King.

By the help of good Claret old Age becomes Youth,
and sick Men still find this the only Physitian;
Drink largely, you'll know by experience, the Truth,
that he that drinks most is the best Politician.

To Victory this leads on the brave Cavalier,
and makes all the Terrors of War, but Delight:
This flushes his Courage and beats off base Fear,
'twas this that taught *Cæsar* and *Pompey* to fight.

This supports all our Friends and knocks down our Foes,
this makes us all Loyal from Courtier to Clown:
Like Dutch Men from Brandy, from this our Strength
so 'tis Wine, Noble Wine, that's a Friend to the Crown. (grows,

*The Sexton's Song. Sung by Ben. Johnson in the
Play, acting the Grave-maker.*



ONce more to these Arms my lov'd Pick-ax and Spade,
With the rest of the Tools that belong to my Trade,
I that buried others am rose from the Dead,
With a Ring, a Ring, Ring, a Ring, and Dig a Dig, Dig.

My Thoughts are grown easie my Mind is at rest,
Since Things at the worst are now grown to the best,
And I and the Worms that long fasted shall Feast,
With a Ring, &c.

How I long to be measuring and cleaving the Ground,
And commending the Soil for the Sculls shall be found,
Whose thickness alone, not the Soil makes them sound,
With a Ring, &c.

Look you, Masters, I'll cry, may the Saints ne'er me save,
If this ben't as well contriv'd sort of a Grave,
As a Man could wish on such occasion to have,
With a Ring, &c.

Observe but the Make of't, I'll by you be try'd,
And the Coffin so fresh there that lies on that side,
It's fifty Years since he that own's it has dy'd.

With a Ring, &c.

I hope to remembr your Friend in a Bowl,
An honest good Gentleman, God rest his Soul,
He has that for a Duckett is worth a Pistole,

With a Ring, &c.

At Marriages next I'll affirm it and swear,
If the Bride would be Private so great was my Care,
That not a Soul knew that the Priest joyn'd the Pair,

With a Ring, &c.

When I my self whisper'd and told it about,
What Door they'd go in at what Door they'd go out,
To receive the Salutes of the Rable and Rout,

With a Ring, &c.

At Christ'nings I'll sit with a bundance of Joy,
And drink to the Health of the Girl or the Boy,
At the same I wish that Fate both would Destroy,

That I may Ring, &c.

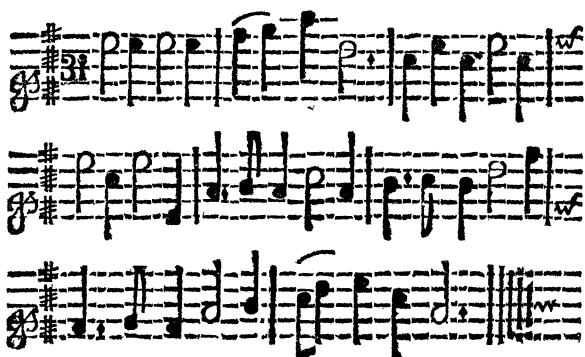
What e'er's my Religion, my Meaning's to Thrive,
So the Child that is born, to the Font but survive,
No matter how short it's continuance alive,

That I may Ring, &c.

Hear then my good Neighbours attend to my Cry,
And bravely get Children, and decently die,
No Sexton now breathing shall use you as I,

With a Ring a Ring, Ring a Ring, Dig a Dig, Dig.

The GREAT BOOBEE.



MY Friend if you would understand,
 my Fortunes what they are :
 I once had Cattle, House and Land,
 but now I am never the near :
 My Father left a good Estate,
 as I may tell to thee ;
 I couzened was of all I had,
like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
 and for to learn my Book ;
 And all the Day I went to play,
 in it I never did look :
 Full seven years, or very nigh,
 as I may tell to thee ;
 I could hardly say my Criss-Cross Row,
like a great Boobee.

My Father then in all the haste,
 did set me to the Plow :

And

And for to lash the Horfe about,
indeed I knew not how :
My Father took his Whip in hand,
and soundly lashed me ;
He call'd me Fool and Country Clown,
and a great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
for I would Plow no more ;
Because he had so lashed me ;
and made my sides so sore :
But I will go to *London Town*,
some Fashions for to see ;
When I came there they call'd me Clown,
and a great Boobee.

But as I went along the Street,
I carried my Hat in my Hand ;
And to every one that I did meet,
I bravely buff'd my Hand :
Some did laugh, and some did scoff,
and some did mock at me ;
And some did say I was a Wood-cock,
and a great Boobee.

Then I did walk in haste to *Paul's*,
the Steeple for to view :
Because I heard some people say,
it should be builded new :
Then I got up unto the Top,
the City for to see ;
It was so high it made me cry,
like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to *Westminster*,
and for to see the Tombs :
Oh, said I, what a House is here !
with an infinite sight of Rooms :

Sweetly the Abby Bells did Ring,

it was a fine Sight to see ;

Methought I was going to Heav'n in a String,
like a great Boobee.

But as I went along the Street,

the most part of the Day ;

Many Gallants I did meet,

methought they were very gay :

I blew my Nose and pift my Hose,

some People did me see ;

They said I was a beastly Fool,

and a great Boobee.

Next Day I through *Pye-corner* past,

the Roast-meat on the Stall ;

Invited me to take a Taste,

my Money was but small :

The Meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt;

as I may tell to thee ;

He beat me fore and made me roar,

like a great Boobee.

As I through *Smithfield* lately walkt,

a gallant Lads I met ;

Familiarly with me she talkt,

which I can not forget :

She profer'd me a Pint of Wine,

methought she was wondrous free,

To the Tavern then I went with her,

like a great Boobee.

She told we were near of Kin,

and call'd for Wine good store ;

Before the Reckoning was brought in,

my Cousin prov'd a Whore .

My purse she pickt, and went away,

my Cousin couzned me,

The Vintner kickt me out of Door,
like a great Boobee.

At the *Exchange* when I came there,
I saw most gallant things;
I thought the Pictures living were,
of all our English Kings:
I doft my Hat and made a Leg,
and kneeled on my knee;
The People laugh'd and call'd me Fool,
and a great Boobee.

To *Paris-Garden* then I went,
where there is great resort;
My Pleasure was my Punishment,
I did not like the Sport:
The Garden Bull with his stout Horns,
on high then tossed me;
I did bewray my felf with fear,
like a great Boobee.

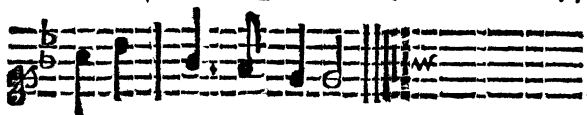
The Bearward went to save me then,
the People flock'd about;
I told the Bear-Garden-Men,
my Guts they were almost out:
They said I stunk most grievously,
no Man would pity me;
They call'd me witless Fool and Ass,
and a great Boobee.

Then o'er the Water I did pass,
as you shall understand;
I dropt into the Thames, alas,
before I came to Land,
The Waterman did help me out,
and thus did say to me;
'Tis not thy fortune to be Drown'd,
like a great Boobee.

But I have learned so much Wit,
 shall shorten all my Cares;
 If I can but a License get,
 to play before the Bears :
 'Twould be a gallant Place indeed,
 as I may tell to thee :
 Then who dares call me Fool or Ass,
 or great Booshee.

*A S O N G : Set by Mr. Jeremiah Clark, and
 Sung by Mr. Leveridge.*





When Maids live to Thirty yet never repented,
 When *Europe's* at Peace and all *England* contented,
 When Gamesters won't Swear, and no bribery thrives,
 Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old
 (Wives;
 When Landlords love Taxes and Soldiers love Peace :
 And Lawyers forget a rich Client to Fleece:
 When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
 Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

When Bullies leave Huffing and Cowards their Trembling;
 And Courtiers and Women and Priests their Dissembling;
 When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
 Pluralities hate and we mind what they Preach :
 When Vintners lerve Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
 And Quacks by their Medicines kill less than they Cure;
 When an old Face shall please as well as anew,
 Wives, Husbands and Lovers will ever be true,

Words to a Tune of Mr. Barret's call'd the Catherine.





In the pleasant Month of *May*,
 When the merry, merry Birds began to sing;
 And the Blossoms fresh and gay;
 Usher'd in the welcome Spring,
 When the long cold Winter's gone,
 And the bright enticing Moon:
 In the Evening sweetly shon,
 When the bonny Men and Maids trip it on the Grass;
 At a jolly Country Fair,
 When the Nymphs in the best appear;
 We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
 E'ry Shepherd and his Lase.

In the middle of the Sport,
 When the Fiddle went brisk and the Glas went round,
 And the pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
 With their merry Feet beat the Ground:
 Little *Cupid* arm'd unseen,
 With a Bow and Dart stole in,
 With a conquering Air and Mien,

And

And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the Swains,
E'ery Shepherd and his Mate,
Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
And longing to try in enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the fighting Swains gave o'er,
And the wearied Nymphs could Dance no more,
There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
E'ery pretty kind Pair that Lov'd :
In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the Time away,
And the Nymphs as well as they,
Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy,
Till at last by consent of Eyes,
E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
E'ery Buxom She retires with her He,
To act Loves solid Joys.

*A Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. Lucas at the old
Theatre*





By Moon light on the Green,
 our bonny Lassies Cooing;
 And dancing there I've seen,
 who seem'd alone worth Wooing;
 Her Skin like driven Snow,
 her Hair brown as any berry:
 Her Eyes black as a Slow,
 her Lips red as a Cherry.

Oh how she tript it, skipt it,
 leapt it, stept it, whiskt it;
 Friskt it, wirl'd it, twirl'd it,
 swimming, springing, starting:
 So quick, the tune to nick,
 with a heave and a tosse:
 And a jerk at parting,
 with a heave, and a tosse, and a jerk at parting;

As she sat down I bowed,
 and veil'd my bonnet to her;

Then

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

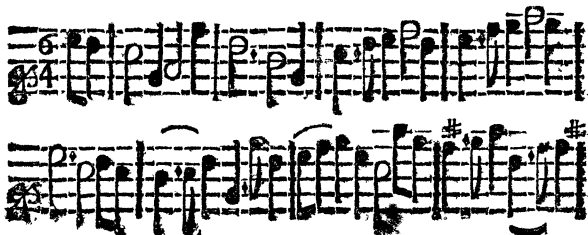
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Then took her from the Crow'd,
with Honey words to woo her;
Sweet blitheft Lads, quoth I,
it being bleaky Weather:
I prithee let us try,
another Dance together:
O bow she, &c.

Whilst suing thus I stood,
quoth she, pray leave your fooling;
Some Dancing heats the Blood,
but yours I fear lacks cooling:
Still for a Dance I pray'd
and we at last had Seven;
And whilst the Fiddle play'd,
she thought her self in Heaven,
O bow she, &c.

At last she with a Smile,
to Dance again desir'd me;
Quoth I, pray stay a while,
for now good faith ye've tir'd me:
With that she look'd on me,
and sigh'd with muckle sorrow;
Than gang ye'ar gate quoth she,
but Dance again to morrow.

*The Gally Slave. The Words by Mr. D'urfey.
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*





When the World first knew Creation,
 A Rogue was a top, a Rogue was a top Profession,
 When there were no more in all Nature but Four,
 There were two of them in Transgression,
 And the Seeds are no less,
 Since that you may guess,
 But have all their Ages been growing apace:
 There's Lying and Thieving,
 Craft, Pride and Deceiving,
 Rage Murder and Roaring, Rape incest and Whoring,
 Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue,
 And make all Mankind one Gygantisal Rogue.

View all human Generation,
 You'll find in every Station,

Lean Vertue decays, whilst Interest sways,
 Th'ill Genius of the Nation;
 All are Rogues in degrees,
 The Lawyer for Fees,
 The Courtier *Le Cringe*, and the Alderman squeeze;
 The Canter, the Topper,
 The Church Interloper,
 The Punk, and the Practice of Piety Groper;
 But above all he that fails our true Rites to maintain,
 And deserts the Cause Royal is deepest in gain.

He that first to mend the Matter,
 Made Laws to bind our Nature,
 Should have found the way,
 To make Wills obey;
 And have Modell'd the new Creature;
 For the Savage in Man,
 From Original ran,
 And in sight of Confinement now reigns as't began;
 Here's Preaching and Praying, and Reason displaying,
 Yet Brother with Brother, is Killing and Slaying,
 Then blame not the Rogue that free Sense doth enjoy,
 Then falls like a Log, and believes he shall lye.

*A Song in the Comedy call'd, The Country Mifs
 with her Furbelo, the Words by Mr. Tho D'ur-
 sey, to a Tune of the late Mr. Henry Purcell's,
 and sung by Mr. Leveridge.*





Celladon when Spring came on,
 Woo'd *Sylvia* in a Grove;
 Both gay and young, and still he sung;
 The sweet Delights of Love;
 Wedded Joys, in Girls and Boys,
 And pretty Chat, of this and that:
 The Honey Kifs, and Charming Blifs,
 That Crowns the Marriage Bed;
 He snatch'd her Hand, she Blush'd and Fan'd,
 and seem'd as if afraid,
 Forbear she crys, your fawning Lyes,
 I've vow'd to dye a Maid.

Celladon at that began,
 to talk of Apes in Hell;
 And what was worse the odious Curse,
 Of growing old and stale;
 Loss of bloom when wrinkles come,
 and offers kind when none will mind:
 The rose Joy, and sparkling Eye,
 Grown faded and decay'd;
 At which when known, she chang'd her tone,
 And to the Shepherd said;
 Dear Swain give o'er, I'll think once more,
Before I'll dye a Maid.

*The Quaker's Song, sung by Mrs. Willis at the
New Play-House.*



Amongst the pure ones all,
 which Conscience doth profess;
 And yet that sort of Conscience,
 doth practice nothing less:
 I mean the Sect of those Eleas,
 that's loath to live by Merit;
 That leads their Lives with other Mens Wives,
 according unto the Spirit.

One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
 a Saint who dearly lov'd him?
 And fain he would have kiss'd her,
 because the Spirit mov'd him:

But she deny'd and he reply'd,
you'r Damn'd unless you do it;
Therefore consent do not repent,
for the Spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend poor Soul,
yielded unto his Motion;
And what these two did intend,
was out of pure Devotion:
To lye with a Friend and Brother,
she thought she shou'd die no Sinner,
But e'er five Months were past,
the Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the Wicked say,
when they shall here of this Rumour;
They'll laugh at us every Day,
and Scoff us in every Corner:
Let 'em do so still if that they will,
we mean not to follow their Fashion,
They're none of our Sect nor of our Elect,
nor none of our Congregation.

But when the time was come,
that she was to be laid;
It was no very great Crime,
committed by her they said:
Cause they did know and she did show,
'twas done by a Friend and brother,
But a very great Sin they said it had been,
if it had been done by another.

A S O N G.



As Oyſter Nan ſtood by her Tub,
 To ſhew her vicious Inclination ;
 She gave her nobleſt Parts a Scrub,
 And ſigh'd for want of Copulation :
 A Vintner of no little Fame,
 Who excellent Red and White can ſell ye,
 Beheld the little dirty Dame,
 As ſhe ſtood ſcratching of her Belly.

Come in, ſays he, you filly Slut,
 'Tis now a rare convenient Minute ;

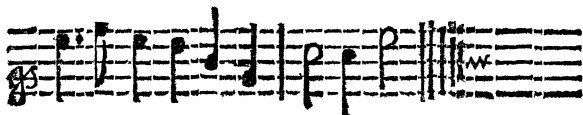
I'll lay the itching of your Scut,
 Except some greedy Devil be in it:
 With that the Flat-capt Fusby smil'd,
 And would have blush'd but that she cou'd not;
 'Alas! says she, we're soon beguil'd,
 By Men to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door they went behind the Bar,
 As it's by common Fame reported;
 'And there upon a Turkey Chair,
 Unseen the loving Couple sported:
 But being call'd by Company,
 As he was taking pains to please her:
 I'm coming, coming Sir, says he,
 My Dear, and I am I, says she Sir.

Her Mole-hi? Be- swell'd about,
 Into a Mountain quickly after;
 'And when the Mousy Mouse crept out.
 The Creature us'd a mighty Laughter:
 And now she has learnt the pleasing Game,
 Altho' much pain and shame it cost her;
 She daily ventures at the same,
 And shuts and opens like an Oyfter.

The Frish Figg : Or, The Night Ramble.





ONE Night in my Ramble I chanc'd to see,
A thing like a Spirit it frightned me,
I cock'd up my Hat and resolv'd to look big,
And streight fell a tuning the *Irish Figg*.

The Devil drew nearer and nearer in short,
I found it was one of the Petticoat sort;
My Fears being over I car'd not a Fig,
But still I kept tuning the *Irish Figg*.

And then I went to her, resolving to try her,
I put her a gog of a longing desire:
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the *Irish Figg*.

Then nothing but Dancing our Fancy could please,
We lay on the Grass and Danc'd at our ease:
I down with my Breeches and off with my Wig,
And we fell a Dancing the *Irish Figg*.

I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she,
The Scholar's as wise as the Master can be;
For if you should chance to get me with Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the *Irish Figg*.

The Dance being ended as you may see,
We rose by Consent and we both went away,
I put on my Cloaths and left her to grow big,
And so I went roaring the *Irish Figg*.

A SONG.



IT was a happy Golden Day,
 When fair *Alibea* Kind and Gay;
 Put all but Love and me away:
 I arm'd with soft Words did Address,
 Sweet and kind Kisses far express,
 A greater Joy and Happiness.

Nature the best Instructress cry'd,
 Her Ivory Pillows to divide,
 That Love might sail with Wind and Tide:
 She rais'd the Mast and sail'd by it,
 That Day two Tides together met,
 Drove him on Shore soon dropping wet.

A SONG.



A *H Celia* how can you be Cruel and Fair,
 Since removing,
 The Charms that are loving ;
 'Twould make a poor Lover Despair,
 'Tis true I have lov'd you these Eleven long Years & more,
 Too long for a Man that ne'er was in Love before :
 And if longer you my Careless deny,
 I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and die.

Love fires the Heart of him that is brave,
 Charms the Spirit,
 Of him that is merit;

And

And makes the poor Lover a Slave,
 Dull fordid Souls that never knew how to Love,
 Where Nature is plung'd 'tis a shame to the best above:
 And if any longer you my Caresses deny,
 I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and dye.

A S O N G.



THere was a Knight and he was young,
 a riding along the way, Sir:
 And there he met a Lady fair,
 among the Cocks of Hay, Sir:
 Quoth he, shall you and I Lady,
 among the Grass lye down a,
 And I will have a special Care,
 of rumpling of your Gown a.

If you will go along with me,
 unto my Father's Hall, Sir;
 You shall enjoy my Maiden-head,
 and my Estate and all, Sir:

So he mounted her on a milk white Steed,
himself upon another ;
And then they rid upon the Road,
like Sister and like Brother.

And when she came to her Father's House,
which was moated round about. Sir ;
She stepped streight within the Gate,
and shut this young Knight out, Sir :
Here is a Purse of Gold, she said,
take it for your Pains, Sir ;
And I will send my Father's Man,
to go home with you again, Sir.

And if you meet a Lady fair,
as you go throw the next Town, Sir ;
You must not fear the dew of the Grass,
nor the Rumpling of her Gown, Sir :
And if you meet a Lady Gay,
as you go by the Hill, Sir ;
If you will not when you may,
you shall not when you will, Sir.

There is a Dew upon the Grass,
will spoil your damask Gown a ;
Which has cost your Father dear,
many Shilling and Crown a :
There is a Wind blows from the West,
soon will dry the Ground a ;
And I will have a special Care,
of the rumpling of my Gown a.

A S O N G.



Slaves to *London* I'll deceive you,
 For the *Country* now I leave you ;
 Who can bear and not be mad,
 Wine so dear, and yet so bad :
 Such a Noise and Air so smoaky,
 That to Stun you, this to Choak ye ;
 Men so selfish, false and rude,
 Nymphs so young and yet so lew'd.

Quiet harmless *Country* Pleasure,
 Shall at home engross my Leisure ;
 Farewel *London* I'll repair,
 To my Native *Country* Air :
 I leave all thy Pleasures behind me ;
 But at home my Wife will find me ;

Oh the Gods! 'tis ten times worse,
London is a Milder Curse.

The Duke of Ormond's March. Set by Mr. Church.



YE brave Boys and Tars,
That design for the Wars,
Remember the Action at *Vigo*;
And where *Ormond* Commands,
Let us all joyn our Hands,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let Conquest and Fame,
The Honour proclaim,
Great *Ormond* has gotten at *Vigo*:
Let the Trumpets now sound,
And the Ecchos around,
Where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let the Glories be sung,
Which the *Ormonds* have won,
Long before this great Action at *Vigo*:
They're so Loyal and Just,
And so true to their Trust,
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old Records of Fame,
Of the *Ormonds* great Name,

Their Actions, like these were of *Vigo*;
 And since this Prince exceeds,
 In his Fore-Father's deeds,
 Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Praise of our Crown,
 That such Men of Renown,
 Shou'd lead on the Van, as at *Vigo*:
 Where such Lives and Estates,
 Are Expos'd for our sakes,
 Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole Nations Voice,
 And we all did Rejoyce,
 When we heard he Commanded for *Vigo*:
 To *A N N A* so True,
 All her Foes to pursue,
 Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Voice of the Town
 And our Zeal for the Crown,
 To serve *Ormond* to *France*, *Spain*, or *Vigo*:
 So Noble and Brave,
 Both to Conquer and save,
 Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the Soldiers so kind,
 And so humbly inclin'd,
 To wave his Applause gain'd at *Vigo*:
 Yet so kind and so true,
 He gave all Men their due,
 Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

We justly do own,
 All the Honour that's won,
 In *Flanders*, as well as at *Vigo*:
 But our Subj-ct and Theme,
 Is of *Ormond's* great Name,
 And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then

Then take off the Bowl,
To that Generous Soul.
That Commanded so bravely at *Vigo*.
And may *A N N A* approve,
Of our Duty and Love,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

A Cure for Melancholy.



ARE you grown so Melancholy,
That you think on nought but Folly,
Are you sad,
Are you Mad,
Are you worse;
Do you think,
Want of Chink,
Is a Curse:
Do you wish for to have,
Longer Life, or a Grave,
Thus would I cure you.

First I would have a Bag of Gold,
That should ten thousand Pieces hold,

And all that,
 In thy Hat,
 Would I pour;
 For to spend,
 On thy Friend,
 Or thy Whore:
 For to cast away at Dice,
 Or to shift you of your Lice,
Thus, &c.

Next I woul have a soft Bed made,
 Wherein a Virgin should be laid,
 That would Play,
 Any way,
 You'd devise,
 That would stick,
 Like a Tick,
 To your Thighs,
 That would bill like a Dove,
 Lye beneath or above,
Thus, &c.

Next that same Bowl, where *Jove* Divine,
 Drank *Nectar* in I'd fill with Wine,
 That whereas,
 You should pause,
 You should quaff;
 Like a Greek,
 Till your Cheek,
 Blaze and Laugh,
 To *Ceres*; and to *Venus*,
 To *Bacchus* and *Silenus*,
Thus, &c.

Last of all there should appear,
 Seven Eunuchs sphere like singing here,
 In th Praise,
 Of those Ways,
 Of delight;

Venus can,
 Use with Man,
 In the Night,
 When he strives to adorn,
Vulcan's Head with a Horn,
 Thus, &c.

But if nor Gold, nor Women can,
 Nor Wine, nor Songs, make merry then,
 Let the Bitt,
 Be thy Mate,
 And the Owl;
 Let a Pain,
 In thy Brain,
 Make thee Howl:
 Let the Pox be thy Friend,
 And the Plague work thy end,
Thus I would cure you,

To his fairest Valentine Mrs. A L.





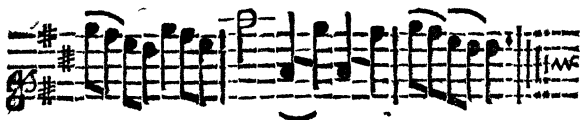
Come pretty Birds present your lays,
 And learn to chaunt a Goddess Praise;
 Ye Wood' Nymphs let your Voices be,
 Employ'd to serve her Deity:
 And warble forth ye Virgins Nine,
 Some Musick to my Valentine.

Her Bosom is Loves Paradise,
 There is no Heav'n but in her Eyes,
 She's chaster than the Turtle Dove,
 And fairer than the Queen of Love:
 Yea, all perfections do Combine,
 To Beautify my Valentine.

She's Natures choicest Cabinet,
 Where Honour, Beauty, Worth and Wit;
 Are all united in her Breast,
 The Graces claim an Interest.
 All Vertues that are most Divine,
 Shine clearest in my Valentine.

A Ballad : Or Colin's Adventure:





A *S* *Collin* went from his Sheep to unfold,
In a Morning of *April*, as grey as 'twas cold,
In a Thicket he heard a Voice itself spread ;
Which was O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He peep'd in the Bushes and spy'd where there lay,
His Mistress whose Countenance made *April May*;
But in her looks some sadness was read,
Crying O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He rush'd in to her and cry'd what's the matter,
Ah! *Colin*, quoth she, why will you come at her,
Who by the false Swain, hath often been misled.
For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He turn'd her Milk-pail, and there down he sat,
His Hands stroak'd his Beard, on his Knee lay his Coat,
But, O, still Mopsa cry'd before ought was said,
Collin O, O, *I am almost dead.*

No more, quoth stout *Collin*! I ever was true,
Thou gav'st me a Handkerchief all hem'd with Blue:
A Pin-box I gave thee, and a Girdle so Red,
Yet still she cry'd O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus Ill,
For I never fear'd *Sarah* that dwelt at the Mill,
Since in the Ev'ning late her Hogs thou hast fed,
For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Colin then chuck'd her under the Chin,
Cheer up, for to love thee I never will lin,

Says she, I'll believ' it when the Parson has read,
Till then O, O, *I am almost dead.*

U's boars, quoth *Colin*, I'll new my shon,
And e'er the Week pass, by the Mass it shall be done:
You might have done this before, then she said,
But now, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round,
And said, I'm the truest that e'er trod on Ground,
Come settle thy Milk-pail fast on thy Head,
No more O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Why then I perceive thou'lt not leave me in the Lurch,
I'll don my best Cloaths and freight to the Church:
Jog on, merry *Collin*, jog on before,
For I Faith, I Faith, *I'll dye no more.*

3 11.

*The Town Rakes. A Song set by Mr. Daniel
Purcell, sung by Mr. Edwards.*





What Life can compare with the jolly Town Rakes,
 When in his full swing of all Pleasure he takes?
 At Noon he gets up for a whet and to Dine,
 And Wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Musick, and Wine,

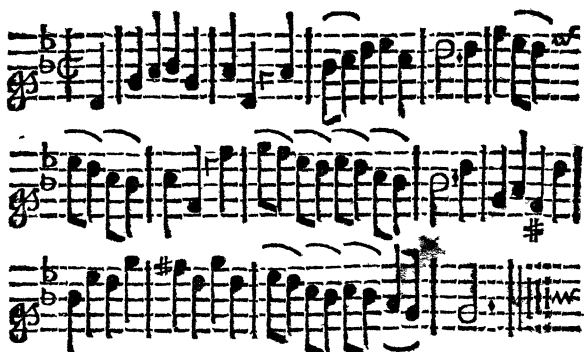
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Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the Masqu's,
 And thence to the Rosé where he takes his three Flasks,
 There great as a *Cæsar* he revels when drunk,
 And scowrs all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his Punk,
 And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes,
 What Life can compare to the jolly Town Rakes, the jolly
 (Town Rakes.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
 But the Town's his Seragl'o, and still he lives free ;
 Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
 Black Betty, or Oyster Moll serve for a Change :
 As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
 He thinks him that is soberest is most like a Beast :
 All Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
 Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lyes with their Whores :
 Rare work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes,
 What Life can Compare with the jolly Town Rakes.

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
 And no Coffee-house Haunts but to settle his Brains ;
 He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
 Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink :
 He dwells in a Tavern and lives ev'ry where,
 And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year :
 For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
 And thus he lives longest because he lives fast :
 Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes,
 What death can compare with the jolly Town Rakes.

A Song set by Mr. Clark.



Young Corydon and Phillis,
 fate in a lovely Grove ;
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
 repeating Tales of Love :
And something else, but what I dare not, what I dare not name,

But as they were a Playing,
 she ogled so the Swain ;
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 let's kiss to ease our Pain ;
And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
 laying her on the Green ;
 But as he farther press'd her,
 her pretty Leg was seen :
And something else, &c.

So many Beauties removing,
 his Ardor still increas'd ;

And

And greater Joys pursuing,
 he wander'd o'er her Breast:
And something else, &c.

A last Effort she trying,
 his Passion to withstand;
 Cry'd, but it was faintly crying,
 pray take away your Hand:
And something else, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,
 the Minute would improve;
 This is the Time he told her,
 To shew you how I Love;
And something else, &c.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
 dissolv'd in amorous Heat;
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 my Dear your Love is great:
And something else, &c.

But Phillis did recover,
 much sooner than the Swain;
 She blushing ask'd her Lover,
 shall we not Kiss again:
And something else, &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
 till Nature at a stand:
 From talk they fell to Sleeping,
 holding each others Hand:
And something else, but what I dare not, what I dare not name.

*The Amorous Barber's Passion of Love for his dear
Bridget.*

With my Strings of small Wire lo I come,
and a Citer'n made of Wood ;
And a Song altho' you are Deaf and Domb,
may we heard and understood.
Dumb, dumb——

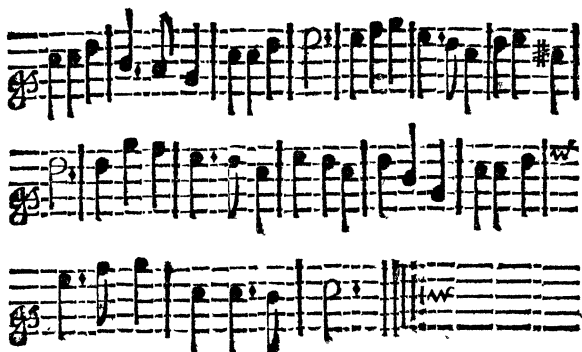
Oh ! take Pity on me, my Dear,
me thy Slave and me thy Vassal ;
And be not Cruel, as it were,
like to some strong well built old Castle.
Dumb, dumb——

Left as thou passest along the Street,
braver every Day and braver ;
Every one that does thee meet,
will say there goes a Woman-shaver.
Dumb, dumb——

And again will think fit,
and to say they will determine ;
There goes she that with Tongue killed Clip-Chops,
as a Man with his Thumbs kill Vermin.
Dumb, dumb——

For if thou dost then farewell Pelf,
 farewell *Bridget* for I vow I'll:
 Either in my *Bason* hang my self,
 or drown me in my *Towel*.
Dumb, dumb—

A Ballad made by a Gentleman in Ireland who could not have Access to a Lady, whom he went to visit, because the Maid the night before had over-lain her pretty Bitch. To the Tune of, O Hone, O Hone.



OH! let no Eyes be dry,
Ob Hone, Ob Hone,
 But let's lament and cry,
Ob Hone, Ob Hone:
 We're quite undone almost,
 For *Daphne* on this Coast,
 Has yielded up the Ghost,
Ob Hone, Ob Hone,

Daphne my dearest Bitch,
Ob Hone, &c.

Who

Who did all Dogs bewitch,

O Hone, &c.

Was by a careless Maid,

Pox take her for a Jade,

In the Night over-laid,

O Hone, &c.

Oh may she never more,

O Hone, &c.

Sleep quietly but snore,

O Hone, &c.

May never Irish Lad,

Sue for her Maiden-head,

Until it stinks I Gad,

O Hone, &c.

Oh may she never keep,

O Hone, O Hone :

Her Water in her Sleep,

O Hone, O Hone ;

May never Pence nor Pounds,

Come more within the Bounds,

Of her Pocket Ad founds,

O Hone, O Hone.

Damon forsaken. Set by Mr. Wroth.





Vhen that young *Dar* on blest'd my Heart,
 and in soft Words did move:
 How did I hug the pleasing Dart,
 and thank'd the God of Love;
Cupid, said I, my best lov'd Lamb,
 that in my Bosom liv's,
 To thee, for Kindling this dear Flame,
 to thee, kind God, I'll give.

But prying Friends o'er heard my Vow,
 and murmur'd in my Ear;
Damon hath neither Flocks nor Plough,
 Girl, what thou do'st, beware,
 They us'd so long their curst Art,
 and damn'd deluding sham,
 That I agreed with them to part,
 nor offer'd up my Lamb.

Cupid ask'd for his Offering,
 'cause I refus'd to pay;

He

He took my *Damon* on his Wing,
and carry'd him quite away :
Pitch'd him before *Olinda's* Charms,
those wonders of the Plain ;
Commanding her into her Arms,
to take the dearest Swain.

The envy'd Nymph, soon, soon obey'd,
and bore away the Prize ;
'Tis well she did for had she stay'd,
I'd snatch'd him from her Eyes :
My Lamb was with gay Garlands dress'd,
the Pile prepar'd to burn ;
Hoping that if the God appear'd,
my *Damon* might return.

But oh ! in vain he's gone, he's gone,
Phillis he can't be thine ;
I by obedience am undone,
was ever fate like mine :
O'lynda, do, try all thy Charms ;
yet I will have a part ;
For whilst you have him in your Arms,
I'll have him in my Heart.

The Apparition to the Felted Lover. Set by Mr. Wroth.





Think wretched Mortal think no more,
 how to prolong thy Breath;
 For thee there are no joys in store,
 but in a welcome Death:
 Then seek to lay thee under Ground,
 the Grave cures all Despair;
 And healeth every bitter Wound,
 giv'n by th' ungrateful Fair.

How cou'dst thou Faith in Women think,
 Womens are *Syren's* all;
 And when Men in Loves Ocean sink,
 take Pride to see 'em fall:
 Women were never real yet,
 but always truth despise;
 Constant to nothing but Deceit,
 false Oaths and flattering lies.

Ah! *Corydon* bid Life adieu,
 the Gods will thee prefer;

Their

Their Gates are open'd wide for you,
 but bolted againſt her:
 Do thou be true, you vow'd to love,
Phyllis or Death you'll have;
 Now ſince the Nymph doth perjur'd prove,
 be juſt unto the Grave.

A S O N G.



HHeaven firſt created Woman to be kind,
 both to be belov'd and for to Love;
 If you Contradiſt what Heav'n has delign'd,
 you'll be condemn'd by all the Pow'rs above:
 Then no more diſpute me for I am raſhly bent,
 to ſubject your Beauty,
 to kind Natures Duty,
 Let me then ſalute you by Conſent.

Arguments and fair Intreats did I use,
 but with her Consent could not prevail;
 She the Blessing Modestly would still refuse,
 seeming for to slight my amorous Tale:
 Sometimes she would cry Sir, prithee Dear be good,
 Oh Sir, pray Sir, why Sir?
 Pray now, nay now, fye Sir,
 I would sooner dye Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
 modestly I melted with a Kiss;
 She then blushing look'd like to the rising Day,
 fitting for me to attempt the Bliss:
 I gave her a Fall Sir, she began to tear,
 crying she would call Sir,
 loud as she could bawl, Sir,
 But it prov'd as false, Sir, as she's Fair.

The Disappointed Beau. Made for the Right Honourable and Incomparable the Lady Emillia Taffe, the Words by Mr. D'urfey.





S*Tella*, with Heart controlling Grace,
 Young *Hylas* at first sight surpriz'd;
 The Beau that knew his Luckless Face,
 Runs to his Glass to be advis'd:
 Tell me, said he, what I shall wear,
 How Curle or how adorn my Hair,
 This Charmer to Command:
 What taking Dress shall I put on,
 To bring this Tassel gently down,
 And Lure her to my Hand.

The God of Love that heard reply'd,
 Fond Fool aspire not to possess;
 Her Angel Mind averse to Pride,
 Deserts Esteem and not the Dress:
 To thee she will no more incline,
 The mighty *Jove* the Joys divine,
 That Crown'd his Paradise;
 To him that hopes to be a Saint,
 By Powdering, Patching, and by Paint,
 Instead of Sacrifice.

A Song in Praise of Punch.



Come fill up the Bowl with the Liquor that fine is,
 And much more Divine is,
 Than now 7-days Wine is, with all their Art;
 None here can controul,
 The Vintner despising, tho' Brandy be rising,
 'Tis Punch that must cheer the Heart:
 The Lover's complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
 And Celia disdaining, shall cease to be nice,
 Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover, the cheat of each Lover,
 When free from all care you'll quickly find,
 As Nature intended 'em, willing and kind:
 Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Pretty Kate of Windsor. To the Tune of, Sub-
urbs is a fine Place.



Near to the Town of Windsor upon a pleasant green,
There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about Eight-
(teen,

Skin as White as Alabaster, and a killing Eye,
A round plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a Thigh:
And, *Ab! be kind, my dear be kinder*, was the ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came riding to the Mill.

To treat with her in private first came a booby 'Squire,
He off r'd ten broad pieces, but she refus'd the Hire;
She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Tol dish fill,
His measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould burn her Mill.
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Soon after came a Lawyer as he the Circuit went,
He swore he'd cheat her Landlord & she should pay no Rent,
He question'd the Fee simple, but him she plainly told,
I'll keep in spite of law trick mine own dear copy hold,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

The next came a Trooper that did of fighting prate,
Till she pull'd out his Pistol and knock'd him o'er the Pate,
I hate, cry'd she, a Hector, a Drone without a String,
For if you must be fighting Friend, go do it for the King,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win,
 He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King *James* came in,
 She laugh'd at that extreamly, and said it was too small,
 For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the devil and all.
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of mates degree.
 He brag'd much of his Valour in the late fight at Sea:
 She told him his Bravadoes but lamely did appear,
 For if you had stood to't, you Rogue, the *French* had ne'er
 (come here.

Then ab! be kind, &c.

A shop-keeper of *London* opened his Love case,
 He proffer'd to salute her, she slap'd him o'er the Face;
 And bid him hold his Prating and not her Will provoke,
 For she'd have no shop keeper, for why? they often broke,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came a snug Physician upon a pacing Mare,
 But she declar'd she lik'd him worse than any there,
 He was sours'd to Glisters she told him to his Face,
 He always would be hobbing the Pipe in the wrong place,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Next came an honest Taylor, if such a one can be,
 And as he went to proffer to pull her on his knee,
 She said, kind Sir be Civil; and do not thus presume
 You smell so strong of Cucumbers, I can't endure the Room,
Then ab! be kind, &c.

Now if you'd know the Reason she was to them unkind,
 There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her still to
 (grind,

She knew him for a Workman that had the ready Skill,
Then ab! be kind, my dear, be kinder, was the ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came riding to the Mill.

A S O N G. To the foregoing Tune.

BONNY Peggy Ramsey that any Men may see,
And bonny was her Face with a fair freckl'd Eye,
Neat is her Body made and she hath good Skill,
And square is her whithergig made like a Mill,
With a bey trolodel, bey trolodel, bey trolodel lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsey she gives weel her Mill.

Peggy to the Mill is gone to grind a bowl of Mault,
The Mill it wanted Water and was not that a Fault,
Up she pull'd her Petticoats and piss'd into the Dam,
For six Days and seven Nights she made the Mill, to gang,
With a bey, &c.

Some call'd her Peggy, and some call'd her Jean,
But some calls her Midsummer, but they are all mista'en,
For Peggy is a bonny Lass, and grinds well her Mill,
For she will be occup'd when others they lay still,
With a bey, &c.

Peg, thee and Ise grin a poke and we to war will leanes,
Ise lay the flat upon thy Back and then lay to the Steans,
Ise make hopper titter totter hand the Mouth as still,
When twa sit and eane stand merrily grind the Mill,
With a bey, &c.

Up goes the Clap and in goes the Corn,
Betwixt twa rough steans Peggy not to learn,
With a Dam full of Water that she holdeth firm,
To pour us on the Clap for burning of the Mill,
With a bey, &c.

Up she pull'd the Dam sure and let the Water in,
The Wheel went about and the Mill began to grind,
The Spindle it was hardy and the Steans they were well
(pickt,
And

And the Meal fell in the Mill trough and ye may all come

*With a bey trolodel, bey trolodel, bey trolodel lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsay she gives weel her Mill.*

• (lick.

*A S O N G, Writ by the Famous Mr. Nat.
Lee.*

P*hilander* and *Silvia* a gentle soft Pair,
Whose business was loving, and kissing their care;
In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along,
Till the Youth gave a Vent to his Heart with his Tongue:
'Ah *Silvia* said he (and sigh'd when he spoke)
Your cruel resolves will you never revoke?
No never, she said, how never he cry'd,
'Tis the damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then blush'd and her pretty Eyes cast on the Ground;
She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,
And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would check:
Ah *Philander*! she said, 'tis a dangerous bliss,
Ah! never ask more and I'll give thee a Kiss!
How n-er? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er,
No never, she said, then trip'd to a Bower.

She stopt at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in,
She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a Sin;
Heav'n sees and the Gods will chastise the poor head,
Of *Philander* for this, freight trembling he said:
Heav'n sees, I confess, but no tell-tales are there,
She kiss'd him and cry'd. you're an Atheist my Dear,
And shou'd you prove false, I should never endure:
How never? he cry'd, and straight down he threw her:

Her

Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms,
He kiss'd her, he prest her, heap'd charms upon charms:
He cry'd shall I now? no never, she said;
Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead;
Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
Yet ev'n in Death she'd bequeath him a smile;
Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

*Brother Solon's Hunting Song. Writ by Mr.
D'ursey and sung by Mr. Dogget.*

TAntivee, tvee, tvee, tvee, High and Low,
Hark, Hark, how the Merry, Merry Horn does blow,
As through the Lanes and Meadows we go,
As Puls has run over the Down;
When Ringwood and Rockwood, and Jowler and Spring,
And Thunder and Wonder made all the Woods ring,
And Horsemen and Footmen, hey ding a ding ding,
Who envies the Pleasure and state of a Crown.

Teen follow, follow, follow, follow Jolly Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now whilst the Scent lies;
The fiery Fac'd God is just ready to rise,
Whose Beams all our Pleasure controuls,
Whilst over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,
And Wat's fatal Knell in each hollow we toll;
And in the next Cottage tope off a brown Bowl;
What Pleasure like Hunting can cherish the Soul.

Ralph's going to the Wars.



TO the Wars I must alas,
 Though I do not like the Game,
 For I hold him to be an Ass;

That will loose his Life for Fame,
 For these Guns are such pestilent things,
 To put a Pellet in ones Brow;
 Four vurlongs off e'v' heard some say,
 Ch'ill kill a Man he knows not how.

When the Bow, Bill, Zword and Dagger.

Were us'd all in vighting;
 Ch've heard my Father swear and swagger,
 That it was but a Flea-biting,
 But these Guns, &c.

He would vight with the best of our Parish,
 And play at Whifters with Mary,

Cou'd

Cou'd thump the Vootball yerk the Morrie,
And box at Viftycuffs with any,
But these Guns, &c.

Varewel Dick, Tom, Ralph and Hugh,
My Maypoles make all heretofore,
Varewell Dol, Kate, Zis and Zue,
For I shall never zee you more,
*For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones brow;
Four Vurlongs off ch've heard some say,
Cb'll kill a Man he knows not how.*

A S O N G.



Your Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd,
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd;
Come, my Boys come,
Come, my Boys come;
And merrily roar our Harveft home,
Harveft home;
Harveft home;
And merrily Roar our Harveft home.
Cho. Come, my Boys come, &c.

L. 4.

We

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a Blockhead ha' one in ten;

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why should a Blockhead ha' one in ten.

Cho. *One in Ten, &c.*

For prating too long like a Book learnt Sot,
Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot ;

Burnt to Pot,

Burnt to Pot,

Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot.

Cho. *Burnt to Pot, &c.*

We'll toss off our Ale till we cannot stand,
And hey for the Honour of old England :

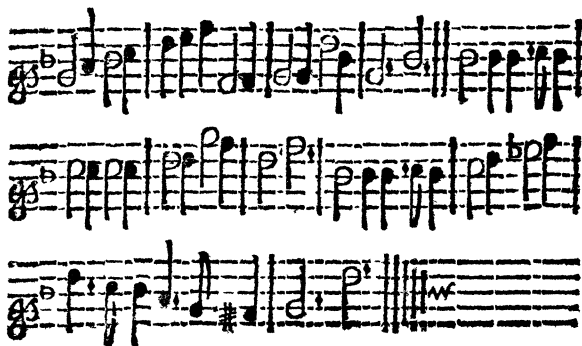
Old England,

Old England,

And hey for the Honour of old England.

Cho. *Old England, &c.*

*An Old Ballad new Reviv'd : Or, A little of tone
with t'other. The Tune, Cold and Raw.*



A Young Man late, that lack'd a Mate,
and Courting came unto her ;
With Cap and Kiss, and sweet Mistriss,
yet little good could do her :
Quoth she, my Friend let Kissing end,
wherewith you do me smother ;
And run at Ring with t'other thing,
A little of one with t'other.

Too much of Ought is good for Naught,
then leave this idle Kissing ;
Your barren Suit will yield no Fruit,
if the other thing be missing :
As much as this a Man may kiss,
his Sister or his Mother ;
He that will speed must joyn at need,
A little, &c.

To gull me thus like *Tantalus*,
doth make me Pine with plenty ;
With Shadows store and nothing more,
your Substance is so dainty :
A fruitless Tree is like so thee,
being but a Kissing Lover ;
With Leaves joyn fruit or else be mute,
A little, &c.

Who bids a Guest unto a Feast,
to sit by divers Dishes :
They please their M as until they find ;
change please each Creatures Wishes :
With Beak and Bill, I've had my fill,
with measure running over,
The lovers Dish now do I wish,
A little, &c.

Sharp joyn'd with flat no more to that,
a low Note and a higher ;

When Mean and Bas keep time and space,
 such Musick Maids desire ;
 All of one String doth loathing bring,
 change is true Musick's Mother ;
 Then leave my Face, and sound my Bas,
A little, &c.

The Golden-Mine lies just between,
 the High-way and the Lower :
 He that wants Wit that way to hit,
 alas hath little Power :
 You miss the Clout if that you shoot,
 much higher or much lower ;
 Shoot just between, your Arrows keen,
A little, &c.

No Smoke desire without a Fire,
 no Wax without a Writing ;
 If right you deal give deeds to Seal,
 and freight fall to Inditing ;
 Thus do I take these lines you make,
 as from a faithful Lover :
 In order deal, first Write then Seal,
A little, &c.

Thus while she said the young Man plaid,
 not high but low descending ;
 Each stroke he struck, so well she took,
 she swore it was past mending,
 Let swaggering Boys that think by Toys,
 their Lovers to fetch over ;
 Lip-labour save, for Maids must have,
A little of one with t'other.

A SONG.



I Prithee send me back my Heart,
 since I cannot have thine;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 why then should you have mine.

Yet now I think on't let it be,
 to send it me is vain;
 Thou hast a Thief in either Eye,
 will steal it back again.

Why should two Hearts in one Breast be,
 and yet not be together;
 Or Love where is thy Sympathy.
 if thou our Hearts do sever.

But Love is such a Mystery,
 I cannot find it out;

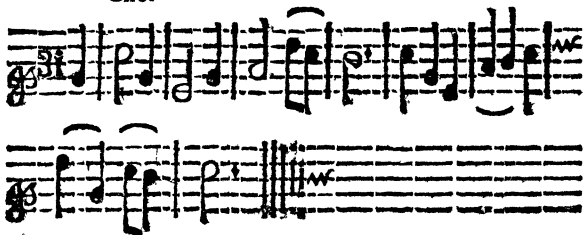
For when I think I am best resolv'd,
then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell Care. then farewell Woe,
I will no longer pine;
But I'll believe I have her Heart,
as well as she hath mine.

Bacchus turn'd Doctor. The Words by Ben. Johnson.



Cho.



LET Soldiers fight for Pay and Praise,
and Money be Misers with;
Poor Scholars study all their Days,
and Gluttons glory in their Dish:
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
Therefore give us chearing Bowls.*

Let

Let Minions marshal in their Hair,
and in a Lovers lock delight ;
And artificial Colours wear,
we have the Native Red and White;
'Tis Wine, &c.

Your Pheasant, Pout, and Culver Salmon,
and how to please your Pallates think ;
Give us a salt *Wesphalia-Gammon*,
Not Meat to eat, but Meat to drink.
'Tis Wine, &c.

It makes the backward Spirits brave,
That lively, that before was dull ;
Those grow good Fellows that are grave;
and kindness flows from Cups brim full,
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some have the Ptifick, some the Rhume,
some have the Palsey, some the Gout ;
Some swell with Fat, and some consume,
but they are sound that drink all out.
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and some want Health,
some want a Wife and some a Punk ;
Some Men want Wit, and some want Wealth,
but he wants nothing that is drunk.
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
Therefore give us bearing Bowls.*

Jenny making Hay.



P O O R *Jenny* and I we toiled,
 in a long Summers Day;
 Till we were almost foiled,
 with making of the Hay:
 Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
 bound low upon her Brow;
 Ife whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
 well sticht with yellow Silk;
 Oh! like a Leg was never seen,
 her Skin as white as Milk:
 Her Hair as black as any Crow,
 And sweet her Mouth was too;

Oh *Fenny* daintily can mow,
But, &c.

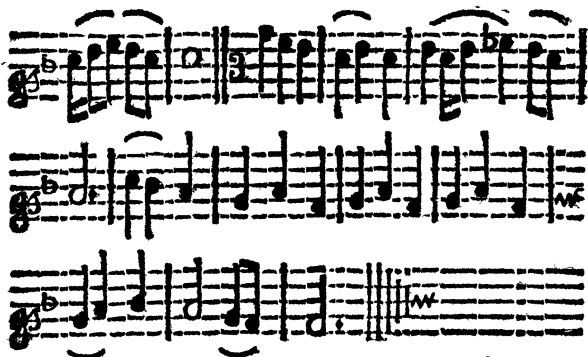
Her Petticoats were not so low,
as Ladies they do wear them ;
She needed not a Page I trow,
for I was by to bear them :
Ife took them up all in my Hand,
and I think her Linnen too ;
Which made me for to make a stand ;
But, &c.

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
and Concubines a Number ;
Yet Ife possess more happiness,
and he had more of Cumber ;
My Joys surmount a wedded Life,
with fear she lets me mow ;
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But, &c.

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
to make my *Fenny* fair ;
There's no Contentment like as mine ;
I'm almost void of Care :
But yet I fear my *Fenny's* Face ;
will cause more Men to woe ;
Which if she should as I do fear,
Still, what is that to you.

The Knotting Song. The words by Sir Charles Sidley





HEars not my *Phillis* how the Birds,
 Their feathered Mates salute :
 They tell their Passion in their Words,
 must I alone, must I alone be mute :
Phillis without a frown or smile,
Sat & knotted, & knotted, & knotted, and knotted all the while.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,
 does like a Tyrant Reign :
 But in thy Heart a Child he lies,
 without a Dart or Flame,
Phillis, &c.

So many Months in silence pass,
 and yet in raging Love;
 Might well deserve one word at last,
 my Passion should approve.
Phillis, &c.

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
 and not one look obtain;
 Which to sooth his fond desire,
 might pleasingly explain.
Phillis, &c.

The French King in a Foaming Passion for the loss of his Potent Army in the Netherlands, which was Routed by his Grace the Duke of Malborough.



OLD Lewis Legrand,
 He raves like a Fury,
 And calls for *Mercury*;
 Quoth he, if I can,
 I'll finish my Days;
 For why should I live?
 Since the Fates will not give,
 One affable smile:
 Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
 Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
 I'm ruin'd the while.

The Flower of *France*,
 And Troops of my Palace;
 Which march'd from *Versailles*.
 Who vow'd to Advance,
 With Conquering Sword;
 Are Cut, Hack'd and Hew'd,
 I well may conclude,
 They're most of them Slain:
 Oh! what will become of,
 Oh! what will become of,
 My Grand-Son in *Spain*?

My fortify'd Throne,
 Propt up by Oppression;
 Must yield at Discretion,
 For needs must I own,
 My Glory decays:
 Bold *Marlborough* comes,
 With rattling Drums,
 And thundering Shot,
 He drives all before him,
 He drives all before him,
 Oh! Where am I got?

He pushes for Crowns,
 And slays my Commanders,
 And Forces in *Flanders*;

Great,

Great Capital Towns,
For *C H A R L E S* has declar'd:
These things like a Dart,
Has pierced my Heart,
And threatens my death ;
Here do I lye fighting,
Here do I lye fighting,
And Panting for breath.

This passionate Grief,
Draws on my Diseases,
Which fatally ceases,
My Spirits in chief,
A fit of the Gout,
The Gravel and Stone,
I have 'tis well known,
at this horrid News,
Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
All Battles I lose.

Where ever he comes,
He is bold and Victorious,
Successful and glorious,
My two Royal Thumbs,
With anguish I bite :
To hear his Success ;
Yet nevertheless,
My passion's in vain :
I pity my Darling,
I pity my Darling.
Young *Phillip* in *Spain*.

I am out of my Wits,
If e'er I had any ;
My Foes they are many,
Which plagues me by Fits,
In *Flanders* and *Spain* :
I'm sick at my Heart,
To think we must part,

With

With what we enjoy'd,
Towns, Castles are taken,
Towns, Castles, are taken,
My Troops are destroy'd,

I am I declare,
In a week Condition,
Go call my Physician,
And let him prepare ;
Some comfort with speed,
Without all delay,
Assist me I pray,
And hear my Complaint,
A Dram of the Bottle,
A dram of the Bottle,
Or else I shall faint.

Should I slip my Breath,
At this dreadful Season,
I think it but Reason,
I should lay my Death,
To the daring Foes.
Whose Fire and Smoak,
Has certainly broke,
The Heart in my Breast :
Oh ! bring me a Cordial,
Oh ! bring me a Cordial,
And lay me to Rest.

A S O N G in the Opera call'd, *The Kingdom of the Birds.* The Words by Mr. Tho. D'urfey. Sung by Miss Willis.



IN the Fields in Frost and Snows,
 I watching late and early ;
 There I keep my Fathers Cows,
 There I milk 'em yearly :
 Booming here, Booming there,
 Here a Boo, there a Boo every where a Boo,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a Charming Country-Life.

Then

Then at home amongst the Fowls,
 Watching late and early;
 There I tend my Fathers Owls,
 there I fed 'em yearly :
 Whooping here, whooping there,
 Here a whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a Charming County Life.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,
 Watching late and early;
 Then I Shear my Fathers Sheep,
 Then I keep 'em yearly :
 Baeing here. Baeing there,
 Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae,
 We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a Charming Country Life.

In the Morning e'er 'twas light,
 in the Morning early;
 There I met with my delight,
 Once he lov'd me dearly :
 Woeping here, Woeping there,
 Here a woe, there a woe, every where a woe.
 Oh! how free from Care and Strife,
 Is a Pleasant County Life.

E'er the light came from above,
 In the Morning early ?
 There I met with my true Love,
 There I met him early :
 Woeping here, woeping there,
 Here he woe, there he woe, every where he woe,
 Oh! how free from Care and Strife,
 Is a Pleasant County Life.

In the Morn at six of the Clock,
In the Morning Early ;
There I fed our Turkey-Cock,
There I fed him yearly, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble ;
Cousing here, cousing there,
Here a cou, there a cou, every where a cou,
Oh ! how free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.

In the Morning near the Fens,
In the Morning early ;
There I fed my Fathers hens,
There I feed them yearly :
Cackle here, Cackle there,
Here a cack, there a cack, every where a cack,
Oh ! how free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.

In the Morning with good speed,
In the Morning early ;
I my Father's Ducks do feed,
In the Morning early :
Quacking here, Quacking there,
Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack,
Oh ! how free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.

In the Morning fair and fine,
In the Morning early ;
There I fed my Fathers Swine,
there I fed them yearly :
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt,
Oh ! how free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.

A SONG. Set by Captain Pack.



Would you be a Man in Fashion?

Would you lead a Life Divine?

Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little dram of Passion)

In a lusty Dose of Wine

If the Nymph has no Compassion,

Vain it is to sigh and groan:

Love was but put in for Fashion,

Wine will do the Work alone.

A S O N G. Set by Mr. Tho. Farmer.



Though the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart;
 Though kindly her Eyes twist amorous Rays
 To tye a more fortunate Heart.
 Yet her Charms are so great I'll be bold in my Pain;
 His Heart is too tender,
 Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze;
 And he that loves on, though *Silvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys.
 I no more can refrain her neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, the force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

A S O N G.



When first I fair *Celinda* knew,
 Her kindness then was great :
 Her Eyes I could with Pleasure view,
 And friendly Rays did meet :
 In all Delights we past the Time
 That could diversion move,
 She oft would kindly hear me Rhime
 Upon some others Love.
 She oft would kindly hear me Rhime
 Upon some others Love.

But

But ah! at last I grew too bold,
 Preft by my growing Flame,
 For when my Paſſion I had told,
 She hated ev'n my Name :
 Thus I that cou'd her Friendſhip boaſt,
 And did her Love purſue,
 And taught Contentment at the coſt
 Of Love and Friendſhip too

A Song. Set by Mr. Fishburne.



Long had *Damon* been admir'd
 By the Beauties of the Plain ;
 Ev'ry Breast warm Love inspir'd
 For the proper handsome Swain.
 The choicest Nymph *Sicilia* bred
 Was won by his resistless Charms ;
 Soft Looks, and Verse as smooth had led
 And left the Captive in his Arms.

But our *Damon's* Soul aspires
 To a Goddess of his Race,
 Though he sues with chaster Fires,
 This his Glories does deface.
 The fatal News no sooner blown
 In whispers up the Chesnut Row,
 The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown
 Blasts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

Swains be wise, and check desire
 In its soaring when you'll woo:
Damon may in Love require
Thestylis and *Laura* too.
 When Shepherds too ambitious are,
 And Court *Astrea* on a Throne,
 Like to the shooting of a Star
 They fall, and thus their shining's gone.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Fishburn.





Pretty *Floramel*, no Tongue can ever tell
 The Charms that in thee dwell ;
 Those Soul melting Pleasures.
 Shou'd the mighty *Jove* once view, he'd be in Love,
 And plunder all above
 To rain down his Treasure.
 Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherd's Arms,
 Had you half as much Love as you say I have Charms,
 There's not a Soul, created for Man and Love,
 More true than *Floramel* wou'd prove ;
 I'd o'er the World with thee Rove.

Love that's truly free had never Jealousie,
 But artful Love may be
 Both doubtful and wooing,
 Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne'er doubt, for you may guess
 My Heart will prove no less
 Than ever endless loving.
 Then cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,
 And I, like kind Earth, will produce all to thee,
 Of ev'ry Flower in Loves Garden I'll Offerings pay
 To my Saint. Nay then pray
 Take not those dear Eyes away.

A Song. Set by Mr. Robert King.

By shady Woods and purling Streams
 I spend my Life in pleasing Dreams,
 And would not for the World be thought
 To change my false delightful Thought:
 For who, alas! can happy be,
 That does the Truth of all things see?
 For who alas! can happy be,
 That does the Truth of all things see.

A Song. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.



IN *Chloë's* all soft Charms agree,
 Enchanting Humour, pow'ful Wit,
 Beauty, from Affectation free,
 And for eternal Empire fit;
 Where e'er she goes Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women envy, Men adore;
 Tho' did she less the Triumph Prize,
 She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

But Vanity so much prevails,
 She begs what else none can deny her,

M 4

And

And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
 Gives hopes which ev'n prevent desire :
 Reaches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
 Grows warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
 And common Prey so deads her Dart,
 It scarce can wound a noble Game,

I could lye Ages at her Feet,
 Adore her careless of my Pain ;
 With tender Vows her Rigour met,
 Despair, love on and not complain :
 My Passion from all change secur'd,
 Favours may rise no Frown controuls :
 I any Torment can endure,
 But hoping with a crowd of Fools.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Tho. Farmer.





When busie Fame o'er all the Plain
Velinda's Praises rung,
 And on their oaten Pipes each Swain
 Her matchless Beauty sung;
 The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield
 She had the sweetest Face:
 No emulous disputes were held,
 But for the second Place.

Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn Heart
 No beauty e'er could move,
 But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart,
 And brav'd the God of Love,
 Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first
 Such silent Charms to see,
 With Wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and cur'd
 His Curiosity.

A Song. Sett by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

A Wife I do hate,
 For either she's False, or she's Jealous;
 But give me a Mate,
 Who nothing will ask us, or tell us;
 She stands at no Terms,
 Nor Chaffers by way of Indenture;
 Or loves for the Farms,
 But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
 Without an Act, Process or Warning,
 From Wife for a Night,
 You may be divorc'd the next Morning.
 Where Parents are Slaves,
 Their Brats can't be any other;
 Great Wits and great Braves
 Have always a Punk to their Mother.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Fishburne.



WHy am I the only Creature,
 Must a ruin'd Love pursue;
 Other Passions yield to Nature,
 Mine there's nothing can subdue.
 Not the Glory of Possessing,
 Monarch wishes gave me ease,
 More and more the mighty Blessings
 Did my raging Pains encrease.

Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
 Though it ever waited near;
 Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
 Still the Monster would appear :
 That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
 Nor Despair removes my Pain;
 I endure them all together,
 Yet my Torments still remain.

Had alone her matchless Beauty,
 Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
 Age at last would do its Duty,
 Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
 But her Mind immortal grows,
 Makes my Love immortal too;
 Nature ne'er created Faces,
 Can the Charms of Souls undo.

And to make my Loss the greater,
 She laments it as her own;
 Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
 But alas! she shews me none.
 Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
 In Retirement I'll Complain;
 And in rage for my undoing,
 Ne'er come in its Power again.

A SONG.



L Arinda, who did Love Disdain,
 For whom had languish'd many a Swain;
 Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
 She 'spy'd upon a River's brink,
 A Youth whose Eyes did well declare,
 How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
 Which soon it lessen'd into a smile,

Thence to surprize and wonder came,
 Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame:
 Then cry'd she out, ah! now I prove
 Thou art a God, most mighty *Jove*.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
 And bid her first consult her Pride:
 But soon she found that aid was gone,
 For *Jove*, alas! had left her none:
 Ah! now she Burns! but 'tis too late,
 For in his Eyes she reads her Fate,

A S O N G.





FAir *Celia* too fondly contemns those Delights,
 Wherewith gentle Nature hath soften'd the Nights;
 If she be so kind to present us with Pow'r,
 The Fault is our own to neglect the good Hour:
 Who gave thee this Beauty, ordain'd thou should'st be,
 As kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee,

Then *Celia* no longer reserve the vain Pride,
 Of wronging thyself, to see others deny'd:
 If Love be a Pleasure, alas! you will find.
 We both are not happy, when both are most-kind.
 But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
 And call that thing Lust, which in them is but Love.

What they through their Madness and Folly create,
 We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate;
 But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
 'Tis *Celia*, not Heaven, must give us relief.
 Then away with those Titles of Honour and Cause
 Which first made us sin, by first giving us Laws.

A SONG. *Sett by Mr. William Turner.*

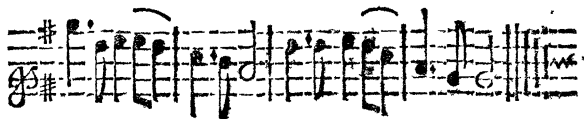
I Lik'd but never lov'd before
 I saw that charming Face;
 Now every Feature I adore,
 And doat on ev'ry Grace:
 She ne'er shall know that kind desire,
 Which her cold Looks denies;
 Unless my Heart that's all on Fire,
 Should sparkle through my Eyes.

[Then]

Then if no gentle Glance return
A silent Leave to speak,
My Heart which would for ever burn,
Alas! must sigh and break.

A Song in Valentinian.





W Here would coy *Aminas* run,
 From a despairing Lovers Story?
 When her Eyes have Conquest won,
 Why should her Ear refuse the Glory?
 Shall a Slave, whose Racks constrain,
 Be forbidden to complain?
 Let her Scorn me, let her Fly me,
 Let her Looks, her Love deny me;
 Ne'er shall my Heart yield to Despair,
 Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care;
 Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care.
 Much to love, and much to pray,
 Is to Heav'n the only way.

A SONG.



Cho.



TELL me ye *Sicilian* Swains
Why this Mourning's o'er your Plains ?

Where's your usual Melody ?

Why are all your Shepherds mad,
And your Shepherdesses sad ?

What can the mighty meaning be ?

Chorus. *Silvia* the Glory of our Plains,

Silvia the Love of all our Swains,

That blest us with her Smiles ;

Where ev'ry Shepherd had a Heart,

And ev'ry Shepērdes a Part,

Slights our Gods, and leaves our Isle ;

Slights our Gods, and leaves our Isle.

A SONG. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



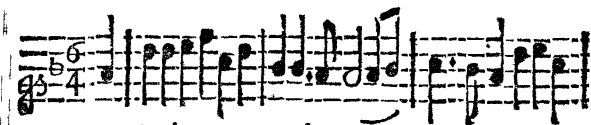
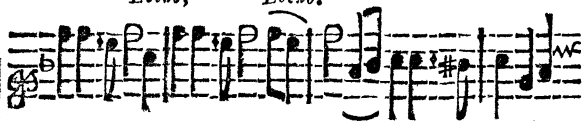
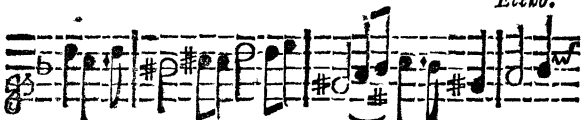
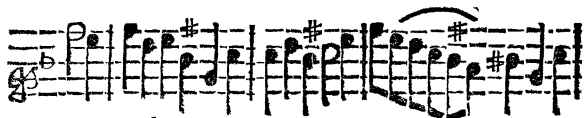
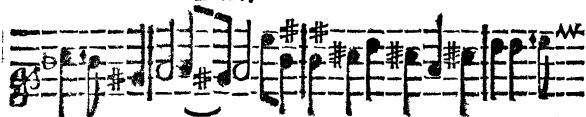
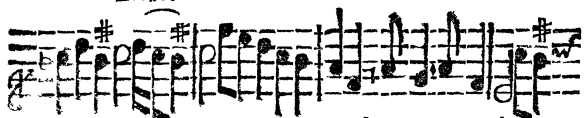
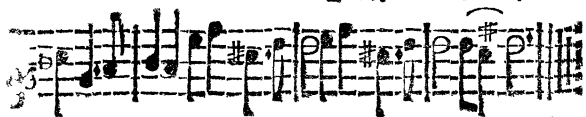
When

When gay *Philander* left the Plain,
 The Love, the Life of ev'ry Swain,
 His Pipe the mournful *Sirephon* took ;
 By some sad Bank and murm'ring Brook,
 Whilst list'ning Flocks forsook their Food,
 And Melancholy by him flood ;
 On the cold Ground himself he laid,
 And thus the mournful Shepherd play'd.

Farewel to all that's bright and gay,
 No more glad Night and chearing Day ;
 No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
 Till the lost Youth return again :
 Then every pensive Heart that now
 With mournful Willow shades his Brow,
 Shall crown'd with chearful Garlands sing,
 And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

Say, mighty *Pan*, if you did know,
 Say all ye rural Gods below,
 'mongst all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
 So gay so beautiful a Swain ;
 In whose sweet Air and charming Voice,
 Our list'ning Swains did all Rejoyce ;
 Him only, O ye Gods ! restore,
 Your Nymphs and Shepherds ask no more.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Tho. Kingsly.

*Ecccho,**Ecccho.**Ecccho.**Ecccho.**Ecccho.**Ecccho.**Ecccho.*

How

HOW Happy's the Mortal whose Heart is his own,
And for his own Quiet's beholden to none;

(Eccho. Beholden to none, to none ;)

That to Love's Enchantments ne'er lendeth an Ear,
Which a Frown or a Smile can equally bear,

(Eccho. Can equally bear, can bear.)

Nor on ev'ry frail Beauty still fixes an Eye,
But from those fly Felons doth prudently fly,

(Eccho. Doth prudently, prudently fly, doth fly ;)

For the Heart that still wanders is pounded at last,
And 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is fast.

(Eccho. When once it is fast, is fast.)

By sporting with dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grow stronger ;
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate,
And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create :
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the Day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair ;
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports and he Games,
Till a Victim to Folly, he dies in the Flames.

If Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresie be,
Of all it enslaves few true Converts we see ;
If hectoring and huffing would once do the Feat,
There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry Compleat :
But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few :
How easie is freedom once had to maintain ;
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

This driv'ling and snivling, and chiming in Parts,
This wailing and pining, and breaking of Hearts ;
All pensive and silent in Corners to sit,
Are pretty fine pastimes for those that want Wit :
When this Passion and Fashion doth so far abuse 'em :
It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em ;
For if Reason it seize on, and make it give o'er,
No Labour can save, or relieve't any more.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell:



A Thousand several ways I try'd
To hide my Passion from your view,
Conscious that I should be deny'd,
Because I cannot meritt you;
Absence the last and worst of all,
Did so encrease my wretched Pain,
That I return'd, rather to fall
By the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

A S O N G.



TO the Grove, gentle Love, let us be going,
Where the kind Spring and Wind all Day are Wcing;
He with soft sighing Blasts strives to o'er-take her,
She would not tho' she flies, have him forsake her.
But in circling Rings returning,
And in purling Whispers Mourning;
She swells and pants, as if she'd say,
Fain I would, but dare not stay.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Fishburne.

TELL me no more of **F**lares in Love,
 That common dull pretence,
 Fools in Romances use to move
 Soft Hearts of little Sense :
 No, *Strephon*, I'm not such a Slave,
 Loves banish'd Power to own ;
 Since Interest and Convenience have
 So long usurp'd his Throne.

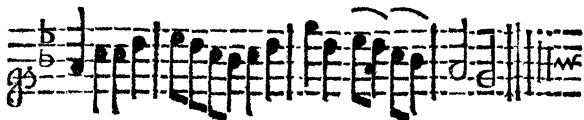
No

No burning Hope or cold Despair,
 Dull Groves or purling Streams,
 Sighing and talking to the Air
 In Loves fantastick Dreams,
 Can move my Pity or my Hate,
 But Satyrift I'll prove,
 And all ridiculous Create
 That shall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once 'tis true,
 And God like rul'd alone,
 And though his Subjects were but few,
 Their Hearts were all his own :
 But since the Slaves revolted are,
 And turn'd into a State,
 Their Int'rest is their only Care,
 And Love grows out of Date.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Fishburne.





Wealth breeds Care; Love, Hope and Fear;
What does Love our Business hear?

While *Bacchus* merry does appear,
Fight on and fear no sinking.
Charge it briskly to the Brim,
Till the flying Top sails swim,
We owe the great Discovery to him
Of this new World of Drinking.

Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Vine
Makes every great Commander.
Let sober Sots Small-bear subdue,
The Wise and valiant Wine does woe;
The *Stagyrite* had the honour to
Be Drunk with *Alexander*.

Stand to your Arms, and now Advance
A Health to the *English* King of *France*:
On to the next a *bon Speranze*,
By *Bacchus* and *Apollo*.
Thus in State I lead the Van,
Fall in your Place by your right-hand Man,
Beat Drum! now March! Dub a dub, ran dan,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Fishburne.



Though Fortune and Love may be Deities still,
 To those they Oblige by their Pow'r ;
 For my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,
 They cannot expect I'll adore:

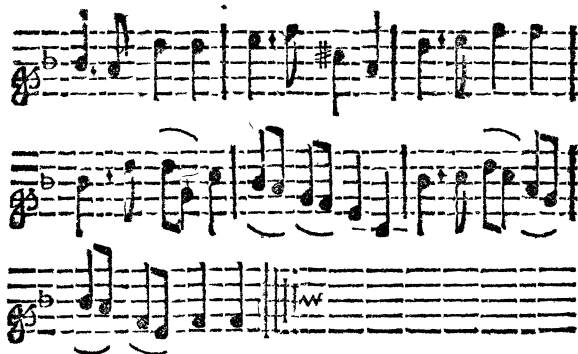
Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
 And dedicate there all the rest of my Days,
 To the Goddess accepted my Vows,
 To the Goddess accepted my Vows.

Thou perfectest Image of all things Divine,
 Bright Center of endless Desires,
 May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
 When I light at your Altars the Fires.
 I offer a Heart his Devotion so pure,
 It would for your Service all Torments endure,
 Might you but have all things you wish,
 Might you, &c.

But verily Goddess of Fools to despise,
 I flatter too much in her Power;
 She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
 In absence of her I adore:
 If Love then undoes me before I get back,
 I still with resignation receive the Attack,
 Or languish away in Despair,
 Or languish, &c.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.

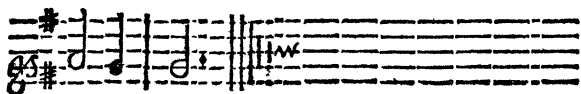
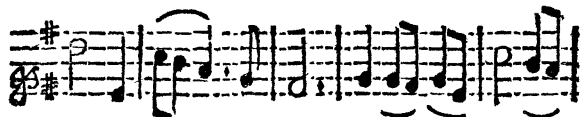
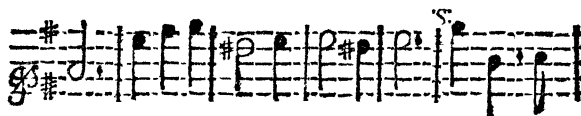
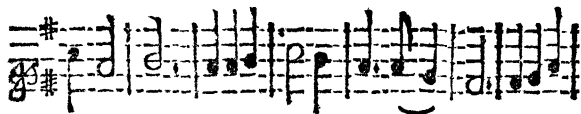
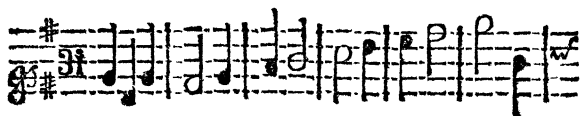




HE himself courts his own Ruin,
 That with too great Passion sues 'em:
 When Men Whine too much in Wooing,
 Women will like Cecquets use 'em:
 Some by this way of addressing
 Have the Sex so far transported,
 That they'll fool away the blessing
 For the Pride of being Courted.

Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 While some Blockhead buys the Favour;
 Presents have more Power o'er 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour.
 Thus, like Zealots with screw'd Faces,
 We our fooling make the greater,
 While we cant long winded Graces
 Others they fall to the Creature.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Damafene.



Cease lovely *Sirephon*, cease to charm ;
 Useless, alas ! is all this Art ;
 It's needless you should strongly arm,
 To take a too, too willing Heart :

I hid my weakness all I could,
And chid my prating tell tale Eyes,
For Fear the easie Conquest should
Take from the value of the Prize.

But oh! th' unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd,
And soon, alas! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield.
Though you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o'er a vanquish'd Foe.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Damascene.





YOU happy Youths whose Hearts are free
 From Love's Imperial Chain,
 Henceforth be warn'd and taught by me,
 And taught by me to avoid enchanting Pain.
 Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
 Sharp Winds to Blossoms prove :
 To careless Seamen, hidden Rocks ;
 To human quiet Love.

Fly the Fair Sex if Bliss you prize,
 The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
 Whoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
 That tasted quiet more ?
 The Kind with restless Jealousie,
 The Cruel fill with Care ;
 Whom Fate's Furies lead to betray,
 Those kill us with Despair.

A Song. Sett by Dr. Staggin.



Vhen first *Aminas* charm'd my Heart,
 The heedless Sheep began to stray;
 The Wolves soon stole the great st Part,
 And all will now be made a Prey.
 Ah! Let not Love your Thoughts possess,
 'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
 The dangerous Passion you must shun,
 Or else like me be quite undone.

A SONG. *Sett by Mr. Richard Croone.*



HOW happy and free is the resolute Swain,
That denies to submit to the Yoke of the Fair;
Free from Excesses of Pleasure and Pain,
Neither dazl'd with hope, or deprest with Despair:
He's safe from Disturbance, and calmly enjoys
All the Pleasures of Love, without Clamour and Noise.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is Peevish, Proud, Sullen and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
For they boil in their Grief, till themselves they destroy;
And thus the Poor Darling lies under a Curse,
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'erlaid by the Nurse.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. William Turner.



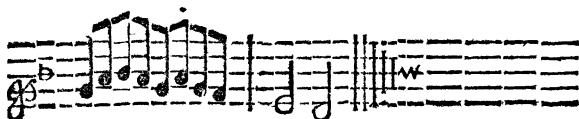
Long was the Day e'er *Alexis* my Lover,
 To finish my Hopes would his Passion reveal;
 He could not speak, nor I could not discover,
 What my poor aking Heart was so loath to Conceal:
 Till the strength of his Passion his Fear had remov'd,
 Then we mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'er-shade us
 From *Phæbus* hot rages, who like Envy had strove,
 Had not kind Fate this Provision made us,

All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our Loves:
 But we stand below Envy that ill natur'd rate,
 And above cruel Scorn is happy Estate.

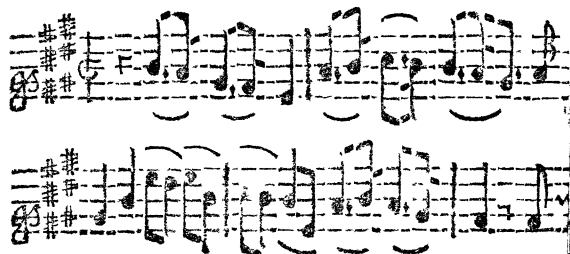
A Song. Sung by Mrs. Crofs in the Mock Astrologer, Sett by Mr. Ramondon.

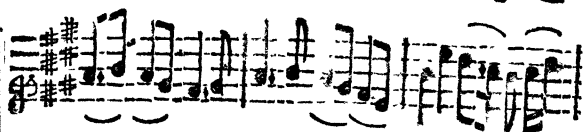


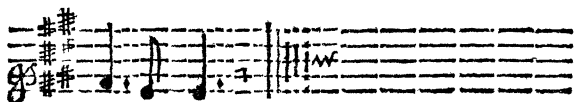


WHY so Pale and Wan fond Lover,
 Prithee Prithee, Prithee why so Pale;
 Will, when looking Well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail?
 Why so dull and mute young Sinner,
 Prithee, prithee why so mute,
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't?
 Quit, quit for shame this will not move,
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her,
 If of her self, she will not Love,
 Nothing can, nothing can make her,
 The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.

*A Song occasioned by a Ladies wearing a Patch upon
 a becoming Place on her Face. Sett by Mr
 John Weldon.*

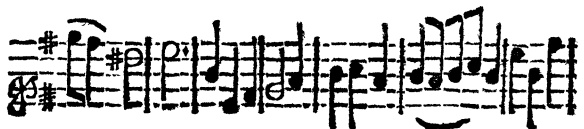






That little Patch upon your Face,
 Would seem a Foil on one less Fair,
 Wou'd seem a Foil, wou'd seem a Foil,
 Wou'd seem a Foil on one less Fair.
 On you it hides a charming Grace,
 And you in Pity, you in Pity,
 You in Pity plac'd it there;
 On you it hides a charming Grace,
 And you in Pity, you in Pity,
 In pity plac'd it there,
 And you in Pity, Pity,
 And you in Pity plac'd it there.

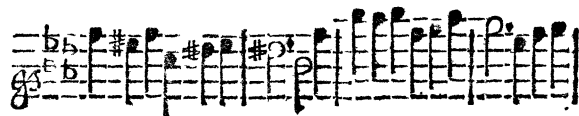
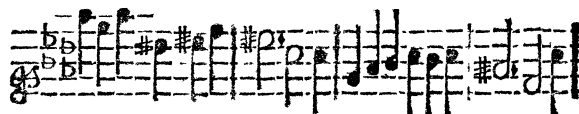
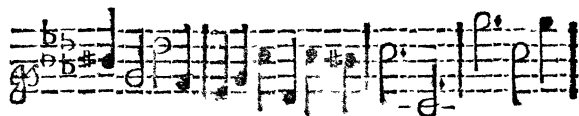
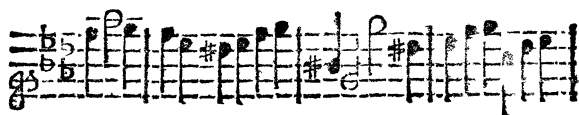
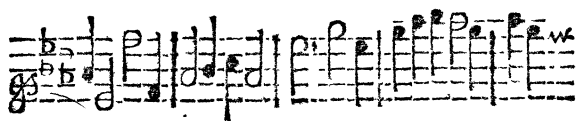
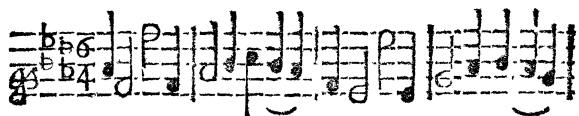
A S O N G. *Sett and Sung by Mr. Leveridge
 at the Theatre.*





I *Iris* beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won,
 All his Designs are aim'd to undo you,
 Break off the Love he has begun;
 When he's Addressing, and prays for the Blessing,
 Which none but his *Iris* can give alone,
 O then beware 'tis all to undo you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won;
 She that's believing, while he is deceiving,
 Like many already will be undone,
Iris beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won.

*The Song of Orpheus Charming the Birds, Beasts,
Trees, &c. to follow him, Sung in the Kingdom
of the Birds. Sett to the Tune call'd the Zar. -*





Groves and Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
 Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,
 Birds and Beasts that range with Pleasure
 Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice,
 Make haste and appear to dance a gay Measure,
 And *Plebeus* please with Nature and Arts val'd Treasure,
 Haste and see that no Sluggard refuses,
Flora Delightful as Blushing *Aurora*,
 To banish the Pest of *Pandora*,
 I Summon thy Jasmin and Roses,
 Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Poses,
 Come away, when I sing and play,
 No Creature in Nature,
 Be late here, but wait here, from *Vulcan's* hot Bellows,
Air, *Neptune*, and *Tellus*, the Trushes from Bushes,
 And Prickets, from Thickets,
 Come Whisk it, and Frisk it,
 And Skip it, and Trip it,
 In Honour of Love and the Muses.

A Song. Sett by Mr. Ramondon, Sung at the Theatre.



How

HOW charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
 How charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,

O that she were as willing,

To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing,

To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing,

• To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing,

To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing.

I Sigh, I Sigh, I Languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

I drive about the Park and Bow.

Where e'er I meet my Dearest.

A Song. Sett by Mr. Anthony Young.





Cease whining *Damon* to Complain,
Of thy Unhappy Fate,
That *Silvia* should thy Love disdain,
Which lasting was and great.

For Love so constant flames so bright,
More unsuccessful prove,
Than cold neglect and sudden flight,
To gain the Nymph you Love.

Then only you'll obtain the Prize,
When you her Coyness use,
If you pursue the Fair she flies,
But if you fly, pursues.

Had *Phæbus* not pursu'd so fast,
The seeming cruel she,
The God a Virgin had embrac'd,
And not a lifeless Tree.

A Song in the Opera call'd the Brittish Enchanters. Sett by Mr. J. Eccles.





Plague

PLAGUE us not with idle Stories
Whining Loves, whining Loves, whining Loves,
And senceless Glories.

What are Lovers, what are Kings,
What, at best, but slavish Things?
What are Lovers, what are Kings,
What, at best, but slavish Things?
What, at best, but slavish Things.

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slave, betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Each by turns as Sence inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus fir'd me,
I alone have learnt true Pleasure,
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom is the only, only Treasure.

*A Mock Song to, Oh, lead me to some Peaceful
Gloom. To the same Tune.*

OH, oh, lead me, lead me to some peaceful Room,
Where none but honest, none but honest, honest
(Fellows come,
Where our Wives, our Wives Clappers never sound, ne-
(ver, never sound,
But an eternal Hush, an eternal Hush goes round :
There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
And never, never think of Home, never, never think of
(Home, never, never think of Home,
Never, never, never, never, never think of Home again :
What Comfort, what Comfort, what Comfort can a
(Husband have?
Who Marries, who Marries to be more a Slave ;
What Comfort, what Comfort can a Husband have,
Who Marries, who Marries, who Marries to be more,
More a Slave, to, to be more, to, to be more, to, to be
(more, more a Slave.

*A Dialogue between Mr. Pack and Mrs Bradshaw,
in the Opera call'd the Kingdom of Birds,
Written by Mr. T. D.*



OH, Love if a God thou wilt be,
Do Justice in Favour of me,
For yonder approaching I see,
A Man with a Beard,
Who as I have heard,

Has

Has often undone
Poor Maids that have none,
With Sighing and Toying,
And Crying and Lying,
And such kind of Foolery;
Fair Maid by your leave,
My Heart does receive
Strange Pleasure to meet you here,
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I swear,
I'll do you no harm I swear.

She. My Mother is Spinning at home,
My Father works hard at his Loom,
And I here a Milking am come;
Their Dinner they want,
Pray Gentleman don't,
Make more ado on't,
Nor give me affront,
I'm none of the Town,
Will lye down for a Crown,
Then away, Sir, and give me Room,

He. By *Phæbus*, by *Jove*,
By Honour by Love,
I'll do ye, Dear Sweet, no harm,
You're as fresh as a Rose
I want one of those,
Ah, how such a Wife wou'd Charm?
Ah, how such a Wife wou'd Charm?

She. And can you then like the o'd Rule;
Be Conjugal, Honest and Dull,
And Marry and look like a Fool,
For I must be plain,
All Tricks are in vain,
There's nothing can gain
The Thing you'd obtain,
But Moving and Proving,
By Wedding, true Loving,
My Lesson I learn'd at School

He. I'll do't by this Hand,
I've Houses, I've Land,
Estate too in good freehold,
My Dear let us joyn, it shall all be thine,
Besides a good Purse of Gold.

She. You make me to blush now I vow,
O Lord, shall I baulk my Cow,
But since the late Oath you have sworn,
Your Soul shall not be in Danger for me,
I'll rather agree of two to make three,
We'll Wed, and we'll Bed,
There's no more to be said,
And I'll ne'er go a Milking more.

*The Beau's Character in the Comedy call'd Ham-
sted-Heath. Sett and Sung by Mr. Ramondon.*

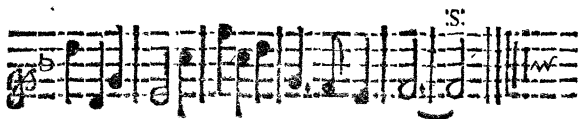
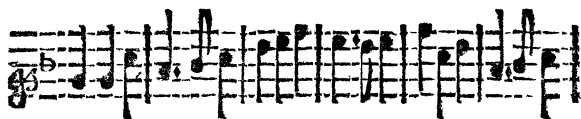




A Whig that's full,
 An empty Scull,
 A Box of *Burgamor*,
 A Hat ne'er made,
 To fit his Head,
 No more than that to Plot.
 A Hand that's White,
 A Ring that's right,
 A Sword, Knot, Patch, and Feather,
 A gracious Smile,
 And Grounds and Oyl,
 Do very well together.
 A smatch of French,
 And none of Sence,
 All Conquering Airs and Graces,
 A Tune that Thrills,
 A Lear that Kills,
 Stolen Flights and borrow'd Phrases,
 A Chariot Guilt,
 To wait on Jilt,
 An awkward Pace and Carriage;
 A Foreign Tower,
 Domestick Whore,
 And Mercenary Marriage.
 A Limber Ham,
 G — D — ye M'am;
 A Smock-Face tho' a Tann'd one:
 A peaceful Sword,
 Not one wise Word:
 But State and Prate at Random.
 Duns, Bastards, Claps,
 And Am'rous Scraps,
 Of *Celia* and *Amadis*,
 Toss up a Beau,
 That Grand Ragou,
 That hodge podge for the Ladies,

A Song in the Innocent Mistress. Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hodgson.





When I languish'd and wish'd you wou'd something
(bestow,

You bad me to give it a Name,
But by Heav'n I know it as little as you,
Tho' my Ignorance passes for Shame.
You take for Devotion each Passionate Glance,
And think the dull Fool is sincere ;
But never believe that I spake in Romance,
On purpose to tickle, on purpose, on purpose,
On purpose to tickle your Ear.
To please me then more think still I am true,
And hug each Apocryphal Text ;
Tho' I practice a thousand false Doctrines on you,
I shall still have enough, I shall still have enough,
Shall still have enough for the next.

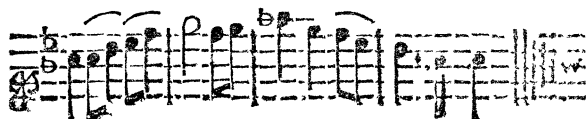
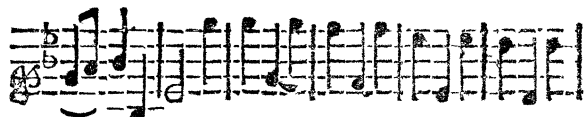
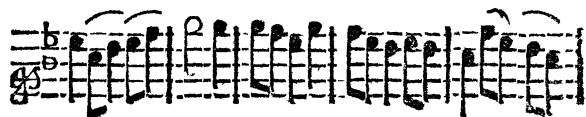
Juno in the Prize, Sett by Mr. John Weldon.



LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
 Thou wer't born o'er Men to Reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.
 Not to follow Flocks design'd,
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
 Joys in Circles, Joys shall meet;
 Which way e'er thy Fancy leads.

A new Health to Prince Eugene, a Triumphant Ode upon his return to Vienna. The Words Set to Music by Mr. D'Ursey. Sung by Mr. Leveridge in the Play call'd the Country Miss in the Furbelow.



THE Valiant *Eugene* to *Vienna* is gone,
And since deny'd,
To be supply'd,

All his Troops are undone
For the haughty *Vendosme*,
New Recruits being come,
So proud is grown
Of two to one,
He Revenge swears to push home,
And late Losses,
Disgraces and Crosses,
Will soon retaliate now the General is gone;

Oh *Leopold*, Oh *Baden*,
What Friend was perswading,
Your Priest ridden Clan,
Simply to baulk so rare a Man.

Tho' *Carthage* grew proud,
When Story once shew'd
How well the Grand,
Blind African,
O'er the Alps hew'd out his Road,
All the Rocks in his way,
Were but Puff-paste and Clay,
To those were seen,
When great *Eugene*,
Made his rugged Eslav,
Where no Storm nor
Loud Thunder,
Th's Wonder,
Could ever from his Purpose cause to halt or stay,
Tho' Watches,
Dispatches,
And lying,
Their frying,
His Youth did so decay,
Sable Locks turn'd into Grey.

Then *Latium* give o'er,
Name *Caesar* no more,

Nor

Nor the *Macedon*,
whose high Renown,
Were so blaz'd on before,
But let glorious *Eugene*,
That August Man of Men,
Be sounded high,
As far as Sky,
Or the Globe can contain,
For a Braver,
Or bolder,
Good Soldier,
Did never on the bloody Field maintain his Ground,
Hell take those remove him,
And here's to those that love him,
Drink, drink Boys around,
And his Foes *Pluto* confound.

Venus to Paris in the Prize Music. Sett by Mr. John Weldon.

Slow.



Soft.

Hither

Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
(gentle Swain,
Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
(gentle Swain,

Let not *Venus*, let not *Venus*, let not *Venus* sue in Vain,
Venus rules, *Venus* rules, *Venus* rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them, and
(she rules Love,

Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them,
Love rules them, Love rules them, and she rules Love,
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

The Words by Mr. Ward. Sett by Mr. R. Harris.

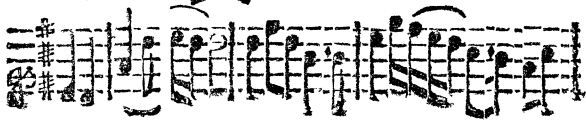
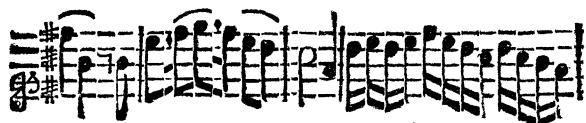




B*elinda* why do you distrust,
 So faithful and so kind a Heart :
 Which cannot prove to you unjust,
 But must itself endure the smart ;
 No, no, no, no the wandering Stars,
 Shall sooner cease their Motion ;
 And Nature reconcile the Jars,
 'Twixt *Boreas* and the Ocean,
 The fixed Poles shall seem to move,
 And ramble from their Places ;
 E'er I'll from fair *Belinda* rove,
 Or slight her charming Graces.

*A Song Sung by Mrs. Campion, in the Comedy
call'd she wou'd and she wou'd not. Sett by Mr.
Weldon.*







Cælia my Heart has often rang'd,
 Like Bees o'er Gaudy Flowers,
 And many thousand Loves have chang'd,
 Till it was fix'd, till it was fix'd on yours,
 But Cælia when I saw those Eyes,
 'Twas soon, 'twas soon determin'd there,
 Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
 And Vanish into Air,
 Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
 And Vanish into Air.

Now if from Love's great Rules I err,
 New Beauties, new Beauties to adore,
 May I again, again turn wanderer,
 And never, never, never, never, never, no never,
 Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Never, never, never, settle more,
 May I again, again turn wanderer,
 And never, never, never, never, never, no never,
 Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Never, never, never, settle more.

When I beheld thy Charming Grace,
 My Heart was all on Fire,
 And my Affections soon took place,
 And never could, and never could Retire,
 But like a fixed Rock remain;
 So long, so long as Life shall last,
 Then do not kill me with Disdain,
 Nor all my Glory blast,

But send one sweet and pleasant Smile,
 To keep me, to keep me from Despair,
 For in your Love, for in your Love I flourish while
 You give me, give me, you give me hopes sweet
 (Charming Fair.

What tho' ten Thousand Beauties bright,
 In all their youthful Glory,
 Has been presented to my sight?
 Yet all in vain, was vain and transitory;
 To thy Cœlestial Charms alone,
 Where I where I have fix'd my Love
 In Cupid's Fetters still I moan,
 Till you my Grief remove,
 Which adds a Lustre to my Days:
 Then *Calia*, then *Calia* pity me,
 And now with speed, with speed my Spirits raise;
 By giving, giving, by giving Life and Liberty.

Thy Beauty like the Rising-Sun,
 Refresh all my Senses,
 Then prithee *Calia* do not shun,
 That Blessing which the height of Joy Commences
 Come with thy spreading Arms to me,
 And I, and I would then express,
 Thy Love with all Humility,
 For I can do no less:
 For let me tell thee it is true,
 I love thee, I love thee more than Gold;
 And if I may, my Suit Renew,
 Thy Blessings, Blessings, thy Blessings will be manifold.

I'd rather dye then live in Grief,
 For then my Pains are ended;
 'Tis you alone can yield relief,
 Let Blessings be, let Blessings be extended,
 To save me from a ruin'd State,
 Which now, which now I dread and fear,
 One Word of Comfort now relate,
 My Joy, my Love, my Dear:

Then

Then *Cressus* with his Golden store.

Could never, could never, me outvey

Grant me thy Love, thy Love, I ask no more,

Then *Cælia*, *Cælia*, then *Cælia* make a kind reply.

The Italian Song, call'd Pastorella, made into an English Dialogue by Mr. Tho. D'Urfey.







B *Louzabella* my bouncing Doxie,
 Come let's trudge it to *Kirkham* Fair;
 There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,
 And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.
She. Mind your Matters you Sot without medl'ng
 How I manage the sail of my Toys,
 Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
 You need never want me for supplies.

He.

He. God-a-mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'st fitting,
To hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown.

She. Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's
Your rate of delaying will never Compound. (paying,

He. I'll come home when my Pouch is full,
And soundly pay thee all old Arrears.

She. you'll forget it your Pate's so dull,
As by drowzy Neglect appears.

He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
If I fail to remember my Blowze.

She. May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum,
If I think thou wilt pay me a Soufe.

He. Squeakham, squeakham, Bag-pipe will make 'em,
Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in;

She. Smoaking, Topping, Landlady groping,
Whores and Scores will spend it again.

He. By the best as I guess in the Town,
I swear thou shalt have e'ery Groat.

She. By the worst that a Woman e'er found,
If I have it will signify nought;

He. If good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have you to know,
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,
I've more **Rhino** than always I show,
For some good Reasons of State that I know:

She. Since with Cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got something too,
I've more Sence than to tell to you.

He. Singly then let's employ Wit,
I'll use Pipe as my gain does hit,

She. And if I a new Chapman get,
You'll be easy to,

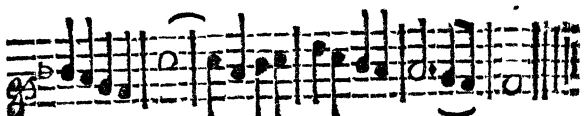
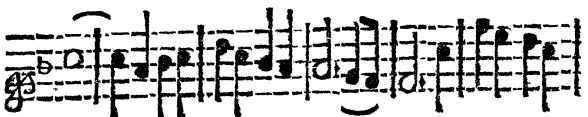
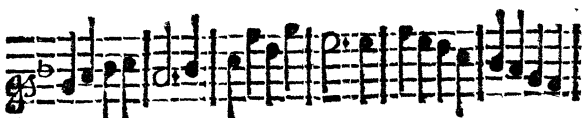
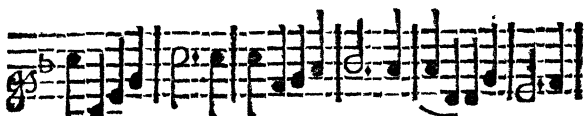
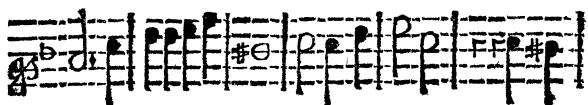
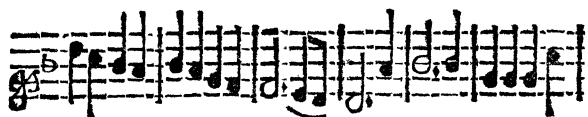
He. Ealy as any worn out Shoo.

C H O R U S of both.

*Free and Frolick we'll Coupie Gratis,
Thus we'll show all the Human Race;
That the best of the Marriage State is,
Blowzabella's and Collin's Case,*

A Song Sett to Music by Mr. John Eccles.





AS *Cupid* roguishly one Day,
 Had all alone stole out to play;
 The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave:
 The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave:
 The laughing Dame soon mist her Son,
 And here and there, and here and there,
 and here and there Distracted run;
 Distracted run, and here and there
 and here and there, and here and there Distracted run;
 And still his Liberty to gain, his Liberty to gain,
 offers his Ransom;
 But in vain, in vain, in vain,
 The willing, willing Prisoner still hugs his Chain,
 And vows he'll ne'er be free,
 And vows he'll ne'er be free,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no, he'll ne'er be free again.

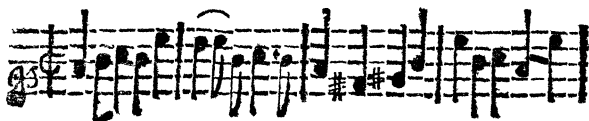
Tho' he in Fetters lies confin'd,
 So pleasant is it to his Mind,
 That ever while he waited, waited, waited still,
 His Heart with Joys the Nymph did fill,
 That ever while he waited, waited, waited still,
 His Heart with Joys the Nymph did fill,
 So that the pleasing Pain he bore,
 And would not wish, and would not wish,
 And would not wish for Freedom more,
 For Freedom more, and would not wish, (more:
 And would not wish, and would not wish for Freedom
 Because that charming Beauty bright,
 Because that charming Beauty bright,
 still he must adore;
 For she's Fair, she's Fair, she's Fair,
 And never, never he can avoid the Snare,
 But must be still confin'd,
 But must be still confin'd,

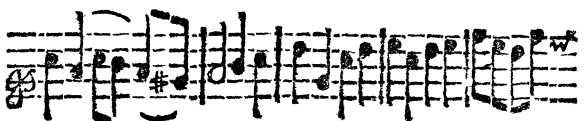
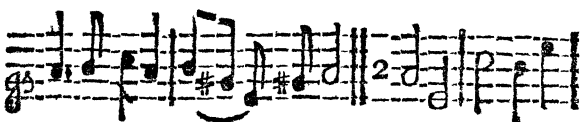
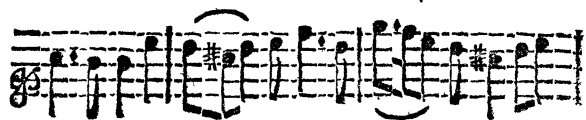
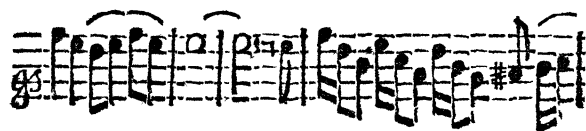
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
 Now, now, now, now, now she's so charming Fair,
 Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
 Now, now, now, now, now she's so charming Fair.

The smiling Mother when she found,
 Her Son was so encompass'd round,
 She needs would help her little, little, little Boy,
 And all the charms of Love destroy;
 She needs would help her little, little, little Boy,
 And all the Charms of Love destroy;
 In vain she strove, for Beauty bright,
 Was evermore, was evermore,
 Was evermore his Hearts delight:
 His Hearts delight, was evermore,
 Was evermore, was evermore his Hearts delight,
 To the fair Saint on Wings of Love,
 To the fair Saint on Wings of Love,
 Oft he takes his Flight,
 Where his Thrall, his Thrall, his Thrall,
 Is sweeter to him than the rich Honey fall;
 There will he still reside,

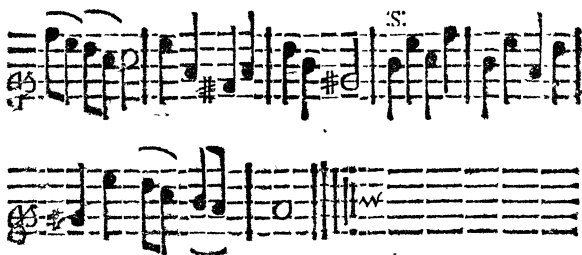
There will he still reside,
 For Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
 Love, Love, Love, Love, Love does Conquer one and all,
 For Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love,
 Love, Love, Love, Love, Love does Conquer one and all.

*A Song made for the Entertainment of her Royal
 Highness, Set by Mr. Leveridge, Sung by Mrs.
 Lindsey in Caligula.*







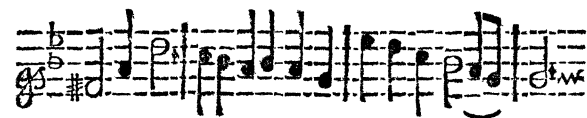
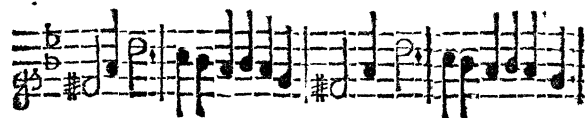
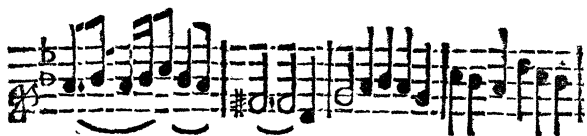


THOU over all Mankind besides my conquering Beauty,
 conquering Beauty, my conquering Beauty Reigns,
 My conquering Beauty Reigns,
 From him I love, from him I love when I meet disdain,
 A killing damp, a killing damp comes o'er my Pride ;
 I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
 I'm fair and young in vain :
 I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
 I'm fair and young in vain ;
 No, no, no, let him wander where he will,
 Let him wander, let him wander,
 Let him wander, let him wander where he will,
 I shall have youth and beauty, youth and beauty,
 youth and beauty,
 I shall have youth and beauty, youth and beauty still ;
 I shall have beauty that can charm a *Jove*,
 Can charm a *Jove* and no fault,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no fault, no, no, no fault,
 But constant Love :
 From my arms then let him fly, fly, fly,
 From my arms then let him fly ;
 Shall I languish, pine, and die,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no not I.

*A Song in the Fair Penitent. Set by Mr. Eccles,
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.*







Stay, ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly,
 ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly,
 Whither, whither wou'd you fly,
 Too Charming, too Charming, too relentless Maid ;
 I follow not to conquer, not to conquer,
 I follow not to conquer but to dye :
 You of the fearful, of the fearful are afraid,
 Ah stay, ah turn, ah whither would you fly,
 Whither, whither, whither, whither, ah whither wou'd you
 (fly :

In vain, in vain I call, in vain, in vain I call,
 While the like fleeting, like fleeting Air,
 When press'd by some tempestuous Wind,
 Flies swifter from the voice of my despair :
 Nor cast a pitying, pitying, pitying, pitying look
 (behind
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pi ying look
 Not one pitying, pitying, pitying look behind,
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying pity-
 (ing look behind,
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying, pity-
 (ing look behind.

*A Song. Set by Mr. James Townshend Organist
 of Lym Riges. The Words by J. R.*





FLY *Damon* fly 'tis death to stay,
 Nor listen to the *Siren's* Song;
 Nor hear her warbling Fingers play,
 That kills in Consort with her Tongue:
 Oft to despairing Shepherds verse,
 Unmov'd she tunes the trembling Strings;
 Oft does some pitying Words rehearse,
 But little means the thing she Sings.

Cease on her lovely Looks to gaze,
 Nor court your Ruin in her Eyes;
 Her Look too's dangerous as her Face,
 At once Engages and Destroys:
 Speak not if you'd avoid your Fate,
 For then she darts Resentment home;
 But fly, fly *Damon* e'er too late,
 Or else be Deaf, be Blind, be Dumb.

*Mercury to Paris, in the Prize Musick Compos'd
by Mr. John Eccles.*



Fear not Mortal none shall harm thee,
With this Sacred Rod I'll Charm thee;
Freely gaze and view all over,
Thou mayest every grace discover:
Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none shall Wound thee.
Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not, Mortal, none shall Wound thee.

*A new Song. The Words by Mr. Tho. Wall, Set
to Musick by Mr. Henry Eccles Junior*

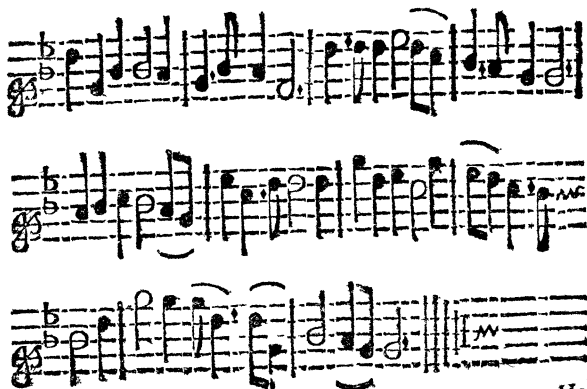


NO more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
 No more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
 The bright enchanting Fair;
Almira thousands, thousands, thousands can undoe,
 And thousands more, and thousands more,
 And thousands more, may still despair:
 And thousands more may still despair.

For oh! her bright alluring Eyes,
 And graces all admire;
 For her the wounded Lover dies,
 And ev'ry Breast and ev'ry Heart,
 And ev'ry Breast is set on Fire.

Then oh poor *Damon* see thy Fate,
 But never more complain;
 For all a thousand Hearts will stake,
 And all may sigh, and all may die,
 And all may sigh and die in vain.

The Dear Joy's Lamentation.



HO my dear Joy now what dost thou think,
 Hoop by my shoul our Country-men stiak;
 To *Ireland* they can never return,
 The Hereticks there our Houses will burn,
Ab bone, ab bone, ab bone a cree.

A Pox on T———l for a Son of a W———
 He was the cause of our coming o'er;
 And when to *Dublin* we came to put on our Coats,
 He told us our business was cutting of Throats,
Ab bone, &c.

Our Devil has left us now in the Lurch,
 A Plauge light upon the *Protestant* C———
 If P——s had let but the Bishops alone,
 O then the Nation had all been our own,
Ab bone, &c.

And I wish other measures had been taken,
 For now I fear we shan't save our Bacon:
 Now *Orange* to *London* is coming down right,
 And the Soldiers against him resolve not to Fight,
Ab bone, &c.

What shall we do the Lord himself knows,
 Our Army is beaten without any blows;
 Our M———r begins to feel some remorse,
 For the Grey Mare prov'd the better Horse.
Ab bone, &c.

If the *French* do but come, which is all our hopes,
 We'll bundle the Hereticks all up with Ropes,
 If *London* stands to us as *Bristol* has done,
 We need not to fear but *Orange* must run,
Ab bone, &c.

But if you prove false, and to *Orange* they scower,
 By G—— all the M——— shall play from the Tower,
 Our Massacree fresh in their Memories grown,
 The Devil tank me, we shall all go down,
Ab bone, ab bone, ab bone a cree.

*A mock Song to, In the Fields, &c. See the Tune,
Page 237.*

IN our Yard in Frost and Snows,
Watching late and early :
There I met a Buxom Fro,
There I kiss'd her fairly :
Kissing here, kissing there,
Here a kiss, there a kiss, ev'ry where a kiss,
Oh how free from Care and Strife,
Was the charming Country Life.

In the Barn on a Straw Bed,
Watching late and early :
There I got her Maiden-head,
There I got it fairly :
With Roving here, Roving there,
Here a Rove, there a Rove, ev'ry where a Rove,
Oh how free from Care and Strife,
Was the charming Country Life.

Then I took her up again,
In the Morning early :
From the Straw to brush her clean,
There I brush'd her clearly :
Brushing here, Brushing there,
Here a Brush, there a Brush, ev'ry where a Brush,
Oh how free from Care and Strife,
Was the charming Country Life.

Then she took me round the Neck,
In the Morning early :
Sigh'd and swore she'd ne'er forsake,
Him she lov'd so dearly :
Blushing here, blushing there,
Here a Blush, there a Blush, ev'ry where a Blush,
Oh how free from Care and Strife,
Was the charming Country Life.

After this we often met,
In the Morning early ;
Full of Love and vig'rous heat,

For I lov'd her dearly :
 Pressing here, pressing there,
 Here a press, there a press, ev'ry where a press,
 Oh how free from Care and Strife,
 Was still the charming Country Life.

In the Morn by break of Day,
 Watching late and early ;
 All my Fathers Cocks of Hay,
 For I watch'd 'em fairly :
 Singing here, singing there,
 Here a song, there a song, ev'ry where a song,
 Oh how free from Care and Strife,
 Was the charming Country Life.

But alas it was not so,
 In that Morning early ;
 When she came to let me know,
 She found her self but queerly :
 Qualmish here, qualmish there,
 Here a qualm, there a qualm, ev'ry where a qualm,
 Oh how full of Care and Strife,
 Was then the Country Life.

For her Mother an old Trot,
 Watching late and early ;
 Catch'd me at her ——— you know what,
 And paid me for't severely :
 With rogue-ship here, rogue-ship there,
 Here a rogue, there a rogue, ev'ry where a rogue,
 Oh how full of Care and Strife,
 Was then the Country Life.

With speed I 'scap'd to *London Town*,
 In the Morning early ;
 There in Wine my Cares I drown'd,
 There I drown'd 'em fairly :
 With glasses here, glasses there,
 Here a glass, there a glass, ev'ry where a glass,
 Oh how free from Care and Strife,
 Is the charming *London Life*.

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. W. Morley.



Born to surprize the World,
 Born to surprize the World, and teach the Great,
 The slippery danger of exalted State :
 Victorious *Marlborough*, Victorious *Marlborough*, to Battle
 (flies,
 'Arm'd, Arm'd with new Lightning from bright *Anna's*
 (Eyes,
 Wonders, wonders like these no former Age has seen,
 The Subjects Heroes, the Subjects Heroes, and a Saint the
 (Queen.

ASONG. Sett by Mr. J. Ifum.





IN vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain,
 In vain the God I ask,
 He'll ne'er remove the Dart:
 And still I love the pretty, pretty Boy,
 'Altho', altho' he wound my Heart:
 Henceforth I'll be contented then,
 No more will I desire:
 No, no, no more, no, no, no more will I desire,
 To fight her whom I love so much,
 That but creates the Fire:
 Well might I expect the Fate,
 As well as any other:
 Since he ne'er spares the Gods themselves,
 Nor does he spare his Mother.

*An Amorous Song. To the Tune of The bonny
Christ-Church Bells.*



S E E how fair and fine she lies,
 Upon her Bridal Bed;
 No Lady at the Court,
 So fit for the Sport,
 Oh she look'd so curiously White and Red :
 After the first and second time,
 The weary Bridegroom slack's his Pace ;
 But Oh she cries, come, come my Joy,
 And cling thy Cheek close to my Face :
 Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
 Whilst time and touch they keep ;
 Then with a Kiss,
 They end their Bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

A S O N G. *Sett by Mr. J. Ifum.*





Corinna if my fate's to love you,
 Corinna if my fate's to love you,
 Where's the harm in saying so :
 Corinna if my fate's to love you,
 Where's the harm in saying so ?
 Why shou'd my sighs, why shou'd my Sighs,
 Why shou'd my Sighs and Fondness move you ?
 To encrease, to encrease your Shepherd's woe :
 Flame pent in still Burns and Scorches,
 Till it burst a Lovers Heart :
 Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
 Wastes itself and gives less Pain :
 Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
 Wastes it self, wastes itself,
 Wastes itself and gives less Smart.

A Song Sett by Mr. John Ifum.





Celia's Charms are past expressing,
 Were she kind as she is Fair;
 Calia's Charms are past expressing,
 Were she kind as she is Fair;
 Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
 Nor Earth a Nymph more worth our Care:
 Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
 Nor Earth a Nymph, nor Earth a Nymph more worth
 (our Care:
 But unkindness, unkindness mars her Beauty,
 And useles makes that Heav'nly,
 that Heav'nly, that Heav'nly frame;
 But unkindness mars her Beauty,
 And useles makes that Heav'nly, Heav'nly frame;
 While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
 Which ill nature others name.
 While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
 Which ill nature others name.